



LEGION OF
SUPER-HEROES

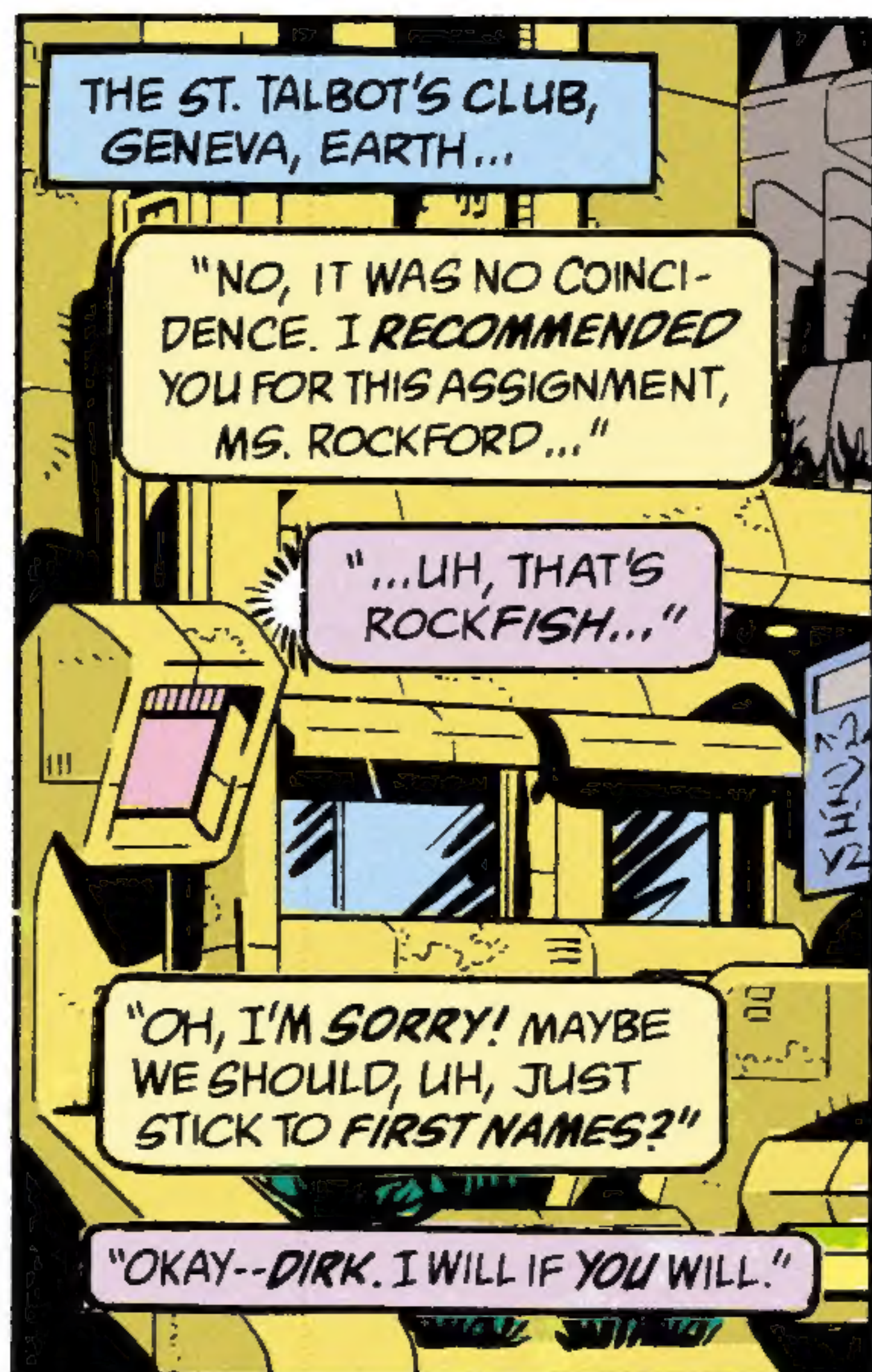
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APR 90

LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES



KEITH GIFFEN
TOM & MARY
BIERBAUM,
AL GORDON



THE ST. TALBOT'S CLUB,
GENEVA, EARTH...

"NO, IT WAS NO COINCIDENCE. I RECOMMENDED YOU FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT, MS. ROCKFORD..."

"...UH, THAT'S ROCKFISH..."

"OH, I'M SORRY! MAYBE WE SHOULD, UH, JUST STICK TO FIRST NAMES?"

"OKAY--DIRK. I WILL IF YOU WILL."



"THERE. ISN'T THAT NICER, CELESTE?"

"...god, that SMILE-- C'MON, STEADY, girl..."

"SO...UH... WHAT LED YOU TO... UH... CHOOSE ME?"



WELL, YOU WERE SO DAMN THOROUGH WHEN YOU INVESTIGATED THAT PATERNITY SUIT LAST YEAR.

WE BEAT THAT RAP... BUT I KNEW I DIDN'T WANT TO SEE YOU ON THE OTHER SIDE AGAIN.



WELL--EVEN THESE DAYS, IT'S REFRESHING TO FIND A MAN WHO'LL JUDGE A WOMAN ON HER SKILL INSTEAD OF HER LOOKS.

WELL, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT IN EITHER DEPARTMENT.



OH.

"...steady, girl, STEADY. stop that damn BLUSHING."

WELL, UH, MAYBE WE SHOULD GET DOWN TO, UH, BUSINESS?



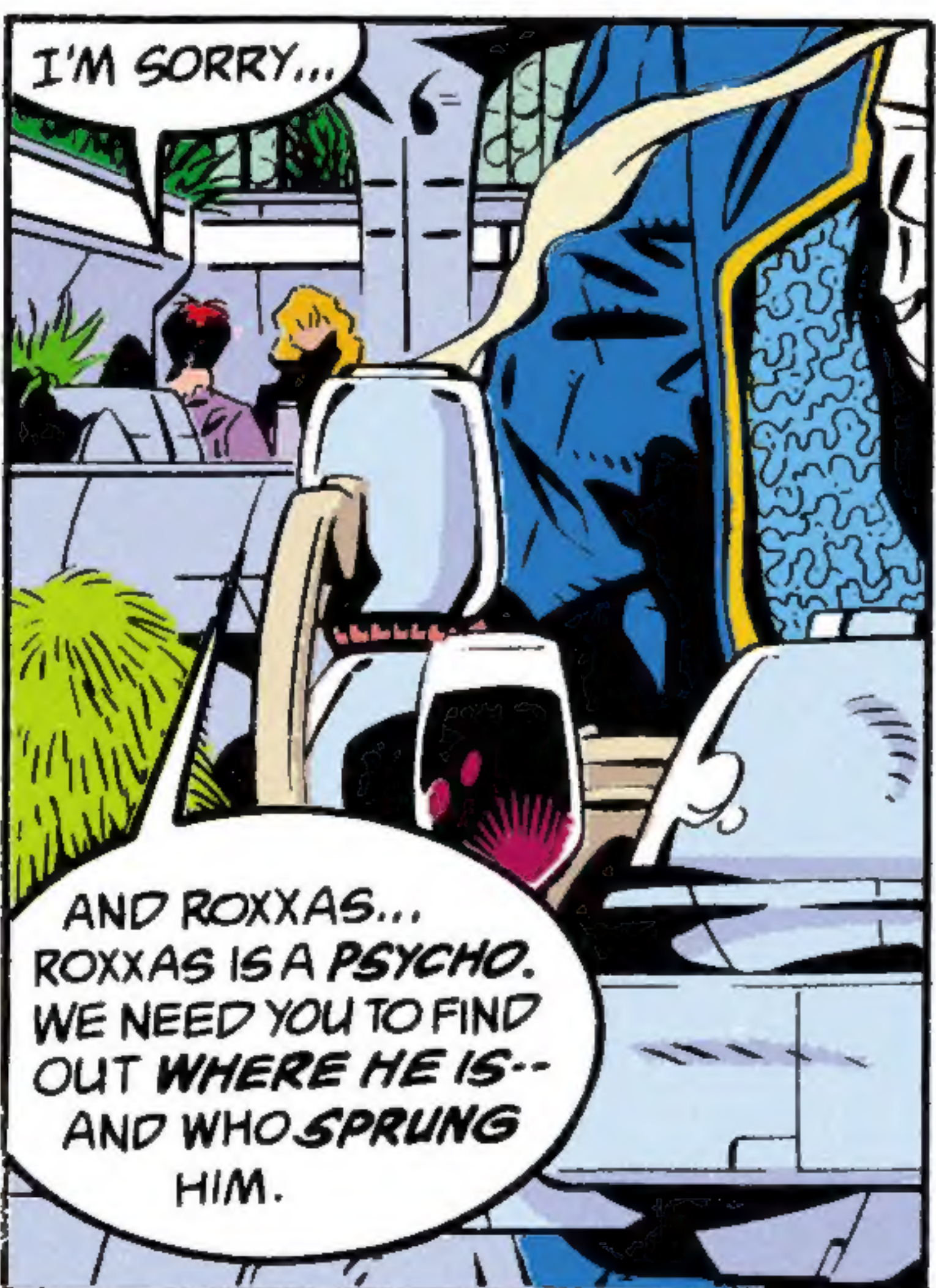
BEFORE PLEASURE. YOU'RE RIGHT.

AS YOU KNOW, EARTHGOV WANTS THAT BUTCHER ROXXAS BAD. I WANT HIM BAD.



BLOK WAS MY TEAMMATE.

MY FRIEND.



I'M SORRY...

AND ROXXAS... ROXXAS IS A PSYCHO. WE NEED YOU TO FIND OUT WHERE HE IS-- AND WHO SPRUNG HIM.



"I THINK I CAN BRING HIM IN."

"HEY, JUST FIND HIM. THE GRUNTS AT SCIENCE POLICE EARTH CAN DO THE DIRTY WORK."

"WE HIRED YOU FOR YOUR MIND..."



"WE DON'T WANT YOU RISKING THAT *BODY* NEEDLESSLY."

JEEZ... MORGNA, NO WOMAN'S GONNA FALL FOR THAT TRIPE!



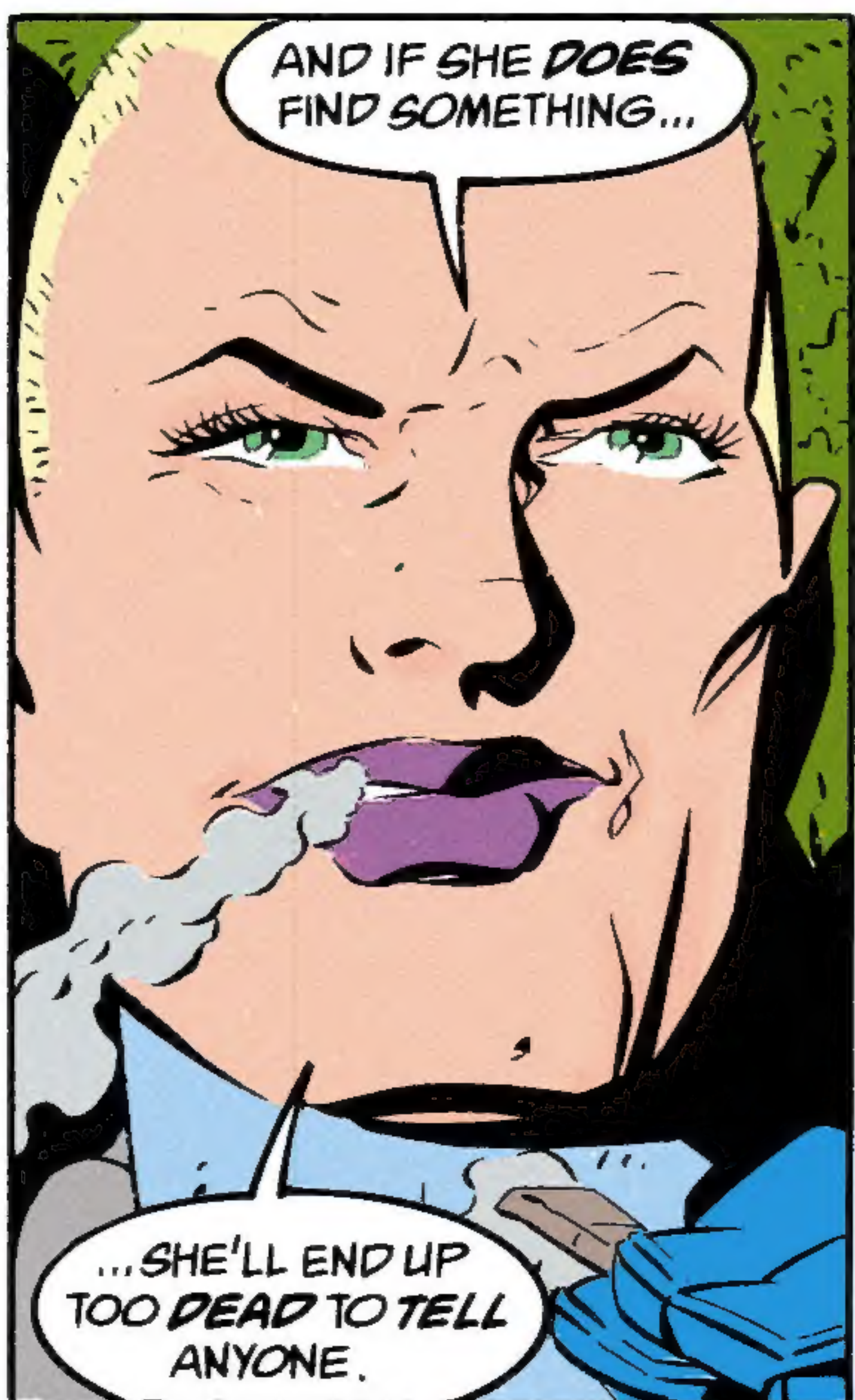
PRRAY SHE FALLS FOR IT. THAT SHE FALLS FOR EVERY-THING.

HERRR INVESTIGATION MUST DIVERRT ALL SUSPICION.



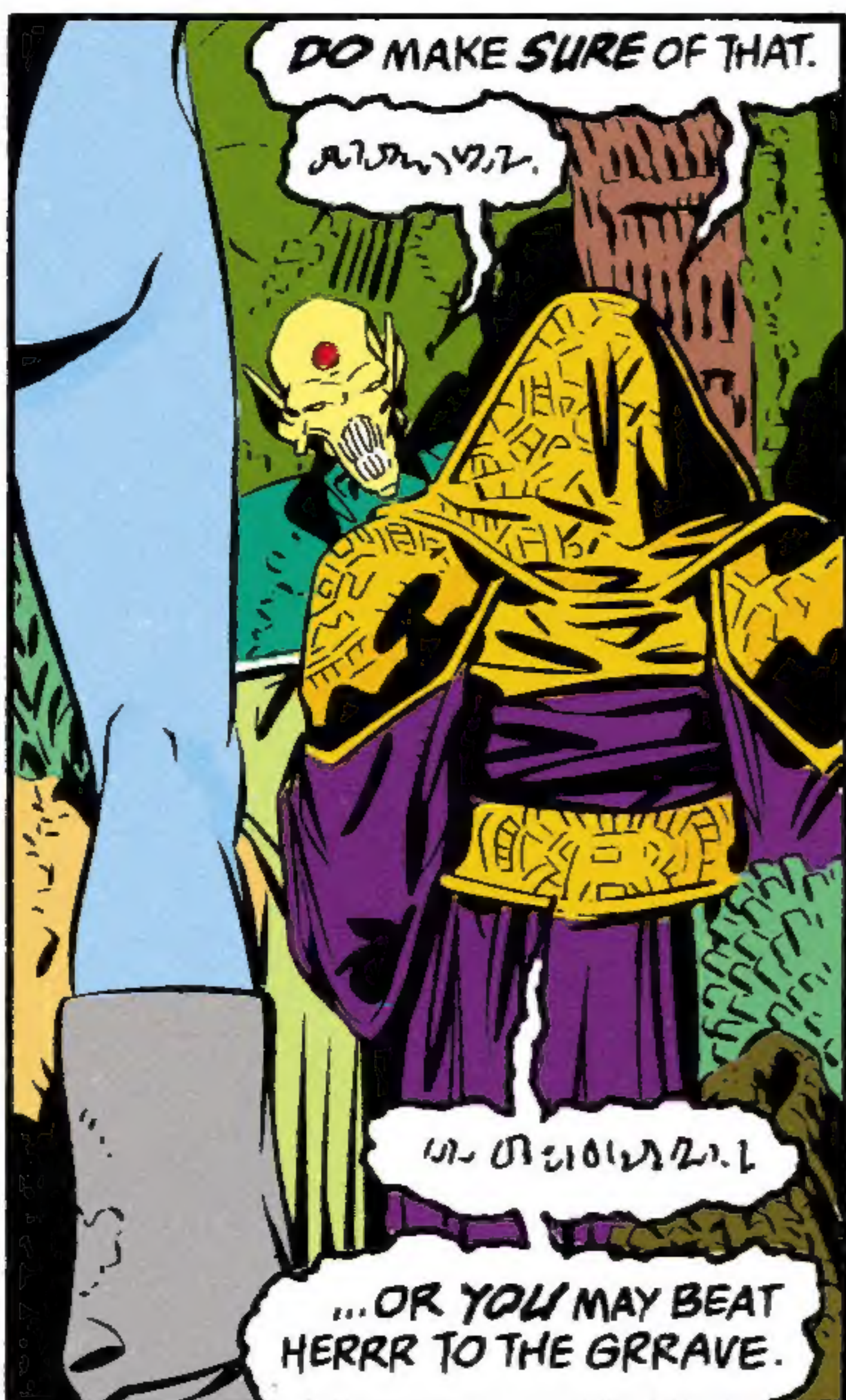
SINCE THE *DAILY PLANET* LINKED RROXXAS' ACCOUNT TO EARTHGOV, WE ARE ALL VULNERRABLE.

AH, KEEP YOUR *ROBE* ON. CELESTE WILL CONDUCT A FULL INVESTIGATION THAT 'LL REVEAL *NOTHING*.



AND IF SHE *DOES* FIND SOMETHING...

...SHE'LL END UP TOO *DEAD* TO TELL ANYONE.

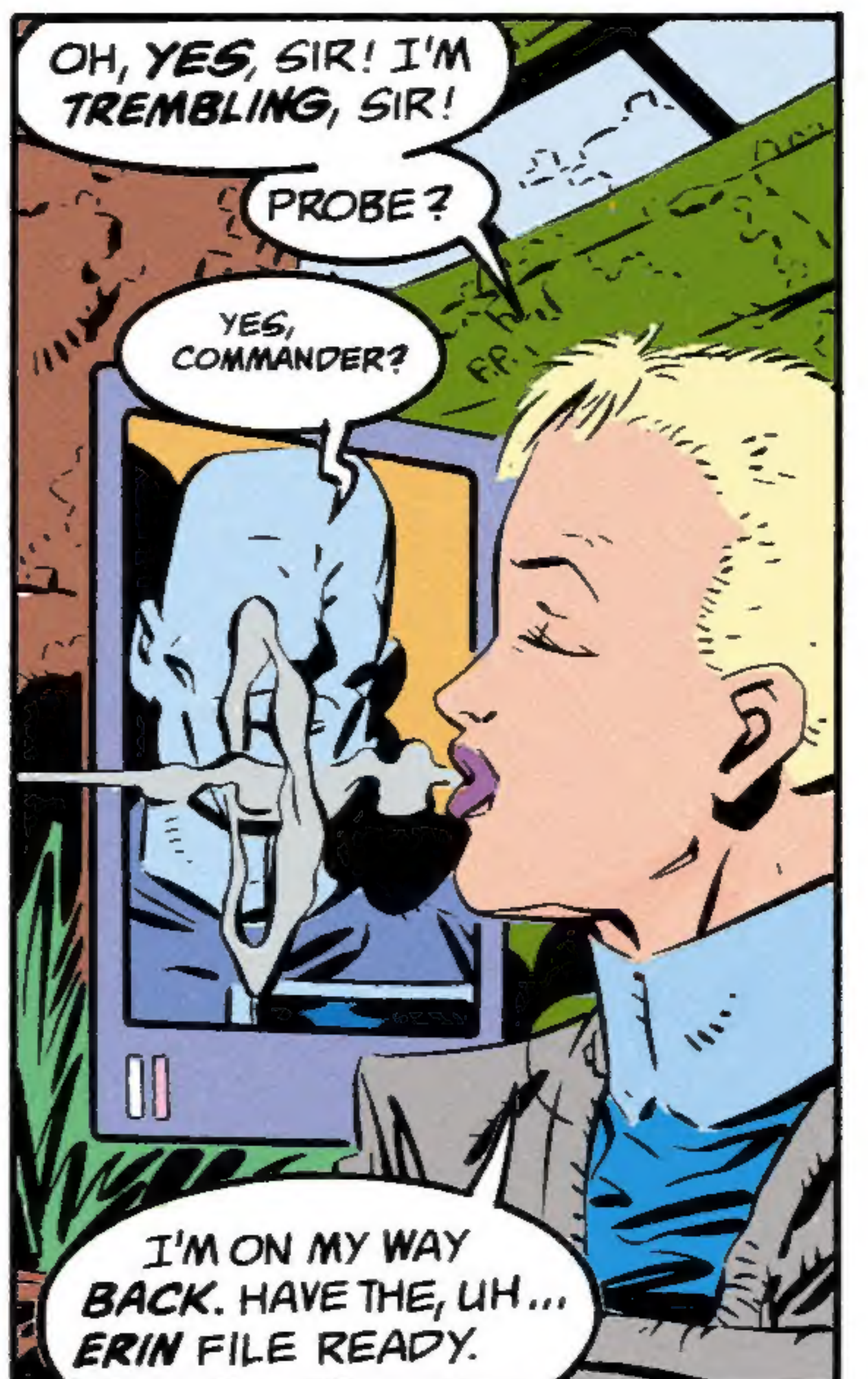


DO MAKE *SURE* OF THAT.

ADN VZ.

W. 0210122.1

...OR YOU MAY BEAT HERRR TO THE *GRAVE*.



OH, YES, SIR! I'M TREMBLING, SIR!

PROBE?

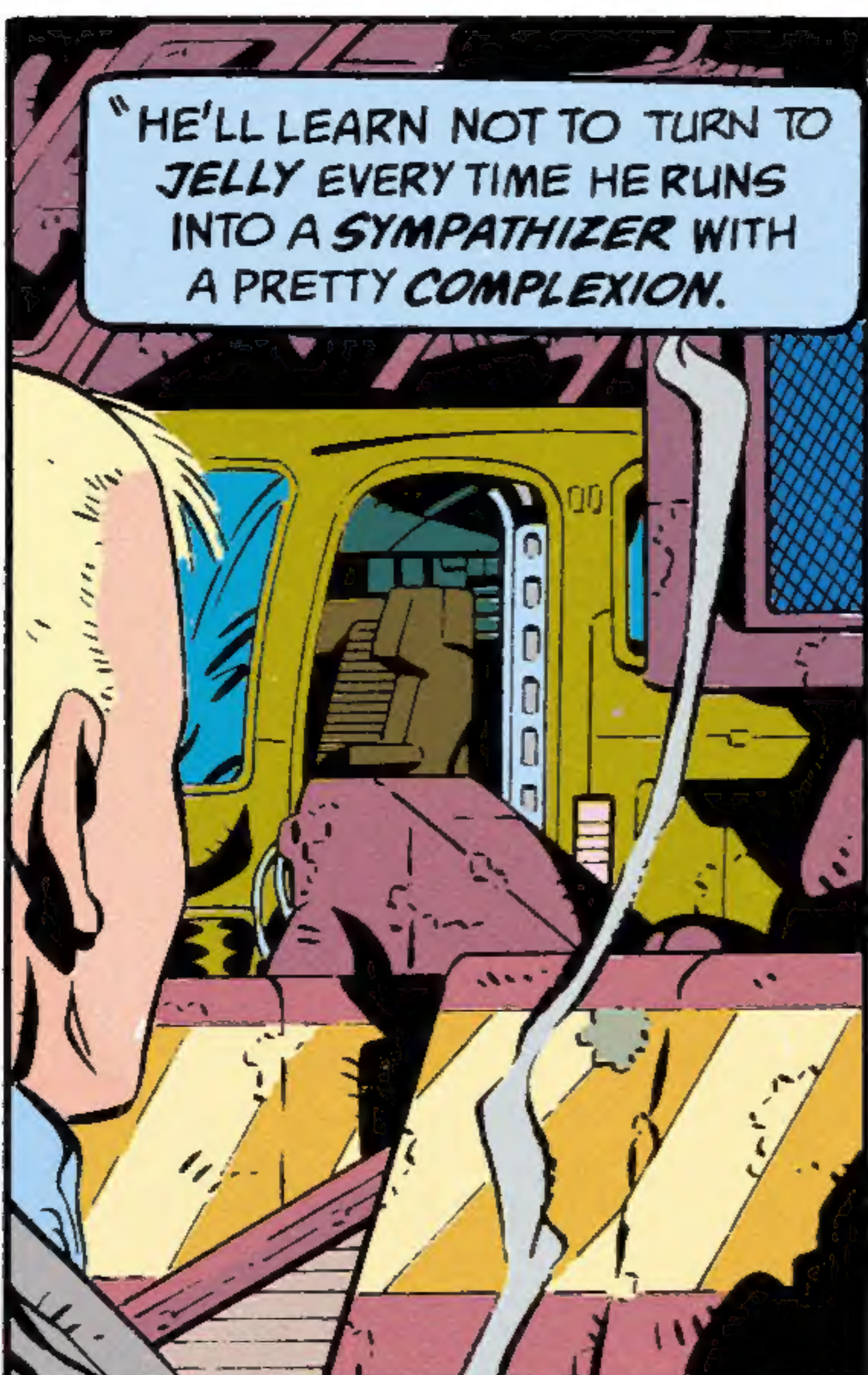
YES, COMMANDER?

I'M ON MY WAY BACK. HAVE THE, UH... ERIN FILE READY.

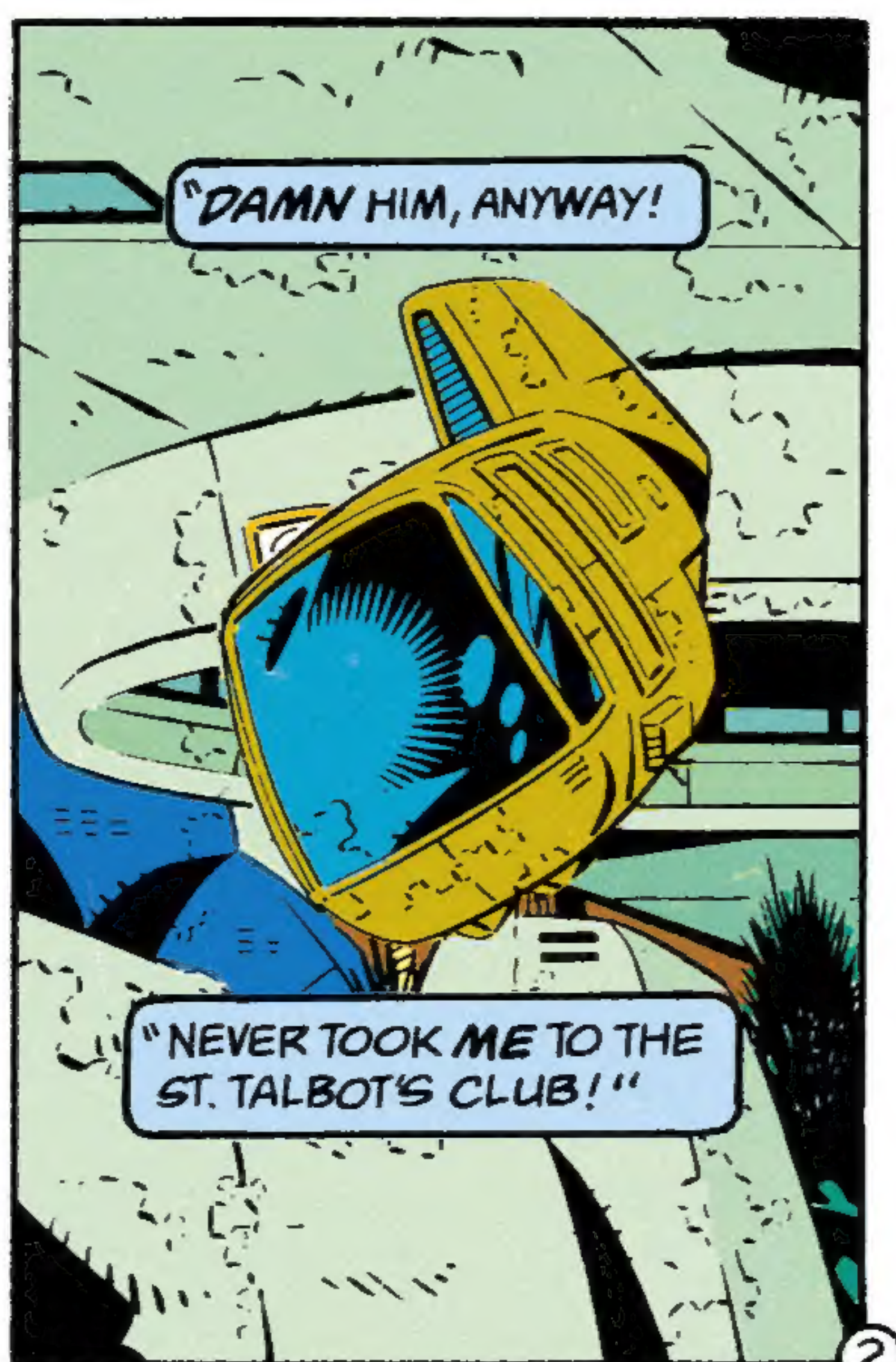


"I'M DAMN *TIRE*D OF CLEANING UP AFTER THOSE BUMBLING *GOONS*. TIME TO GET ON TO SOMETHING THAT *MATTERS*..."

"LIKE MORGNA'S PRECIOUS LITTLE *SHVAUGHN* ERIN."



"HE'LL LEARN NOT TO TURN TO *JELLY* EVERY TIME HE RUNS INTO A *SYMPATHIZER* WITH A PRETTY *COMPLEXION*.



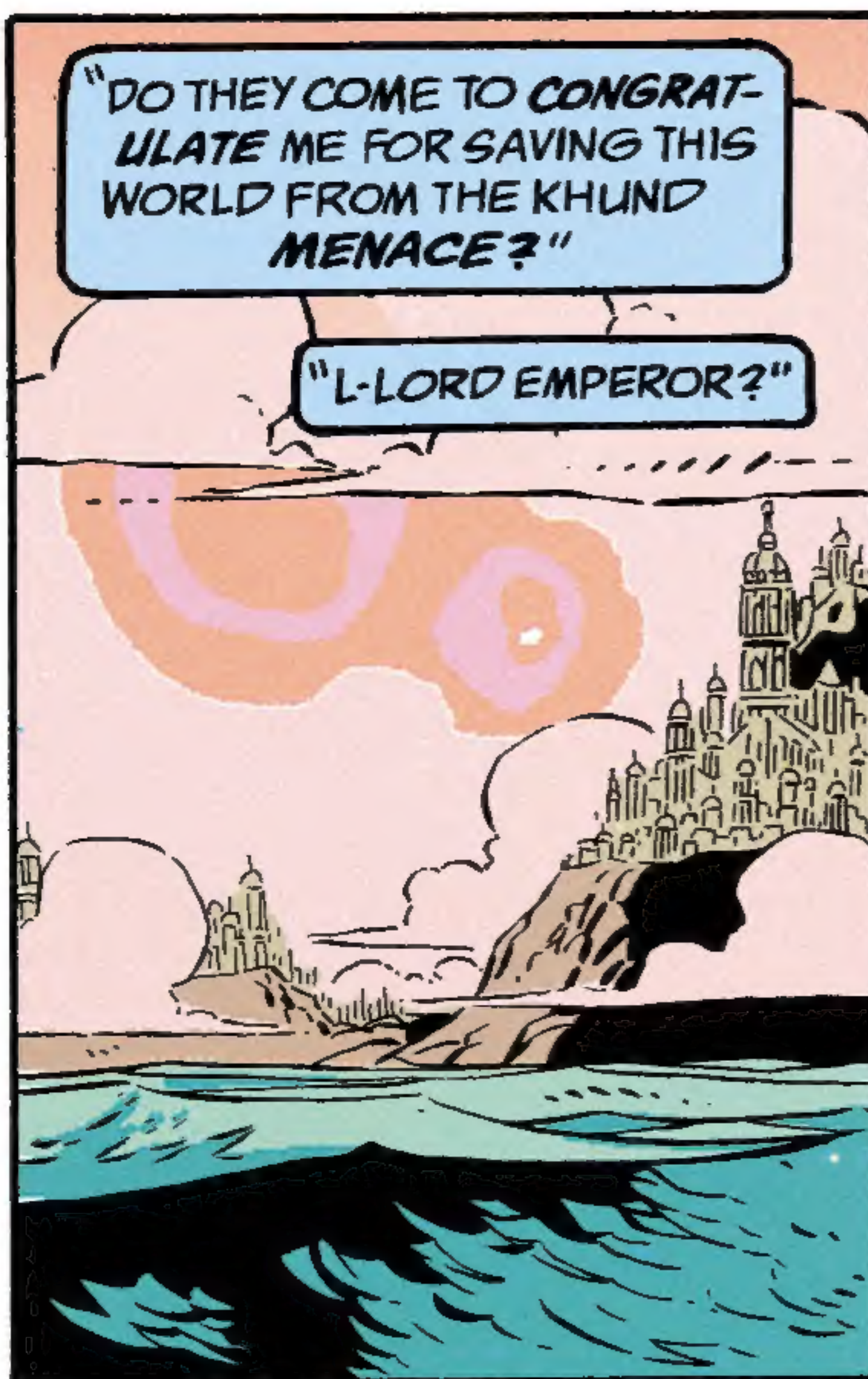
"DAMN HIM, ANYWAY!"

"NEVER TOOK ME TO THE ST. TALBOT'S CLUB!"



THARN...

"DO THEY COME TO
THANK ME?"



"DO THEY COME TO *CONGRATULATE* ME FOR SAVING THIS
WORLD FROM THE *KHUND*
MENACE?"

"L-LORD EMPEROR?"



"DO THEY COME TO
APOLOGIZE FOR ALL
THEIR PAST *AFFRONT*S?"

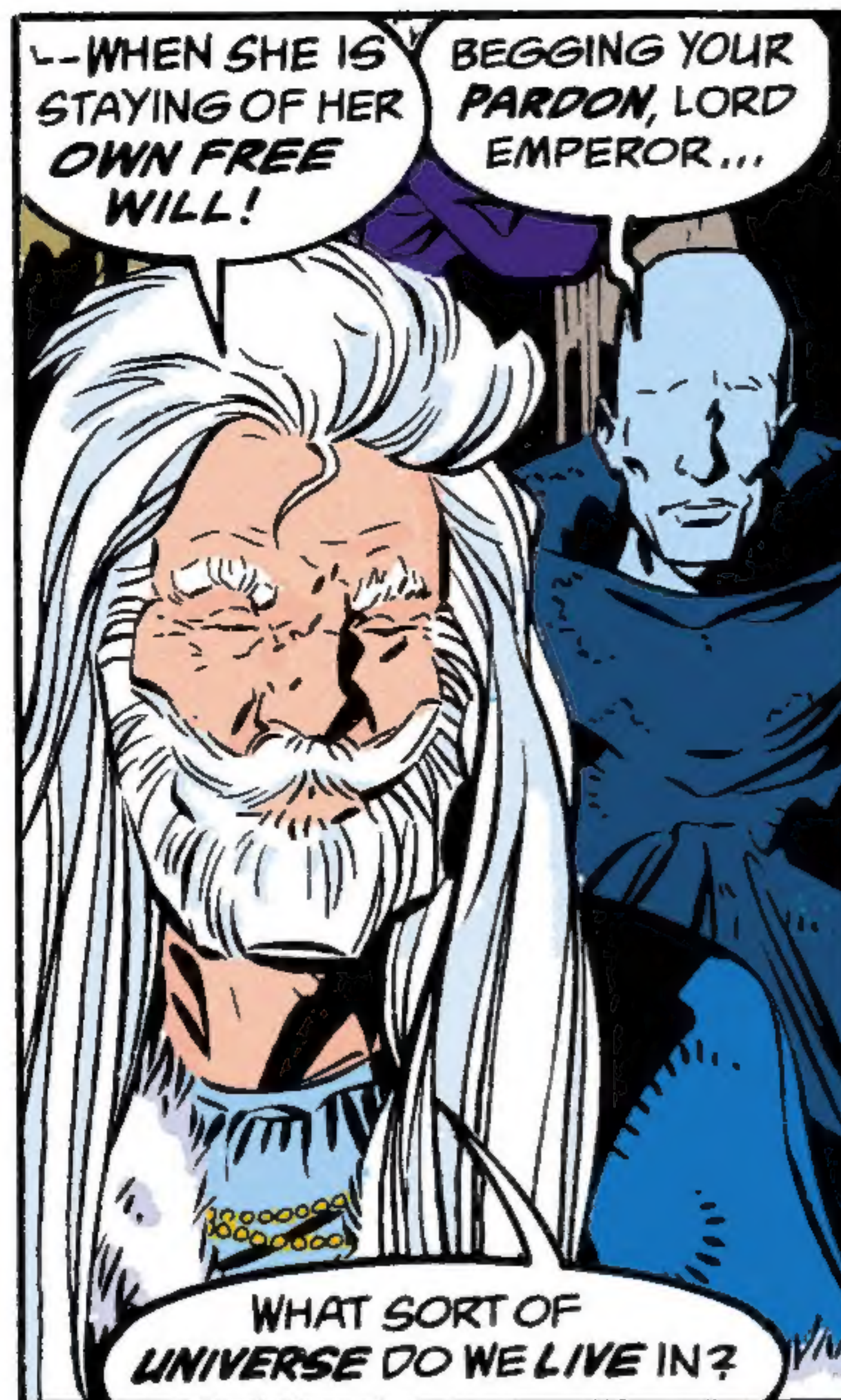
"E-EXCUSE ME..."

"IT WOULD NEVER ENTER
THEIR *MINDS*!"



AS ALWAYS, THEY COME
TO TAKE SOMETHING THAT
IS *MINE*!

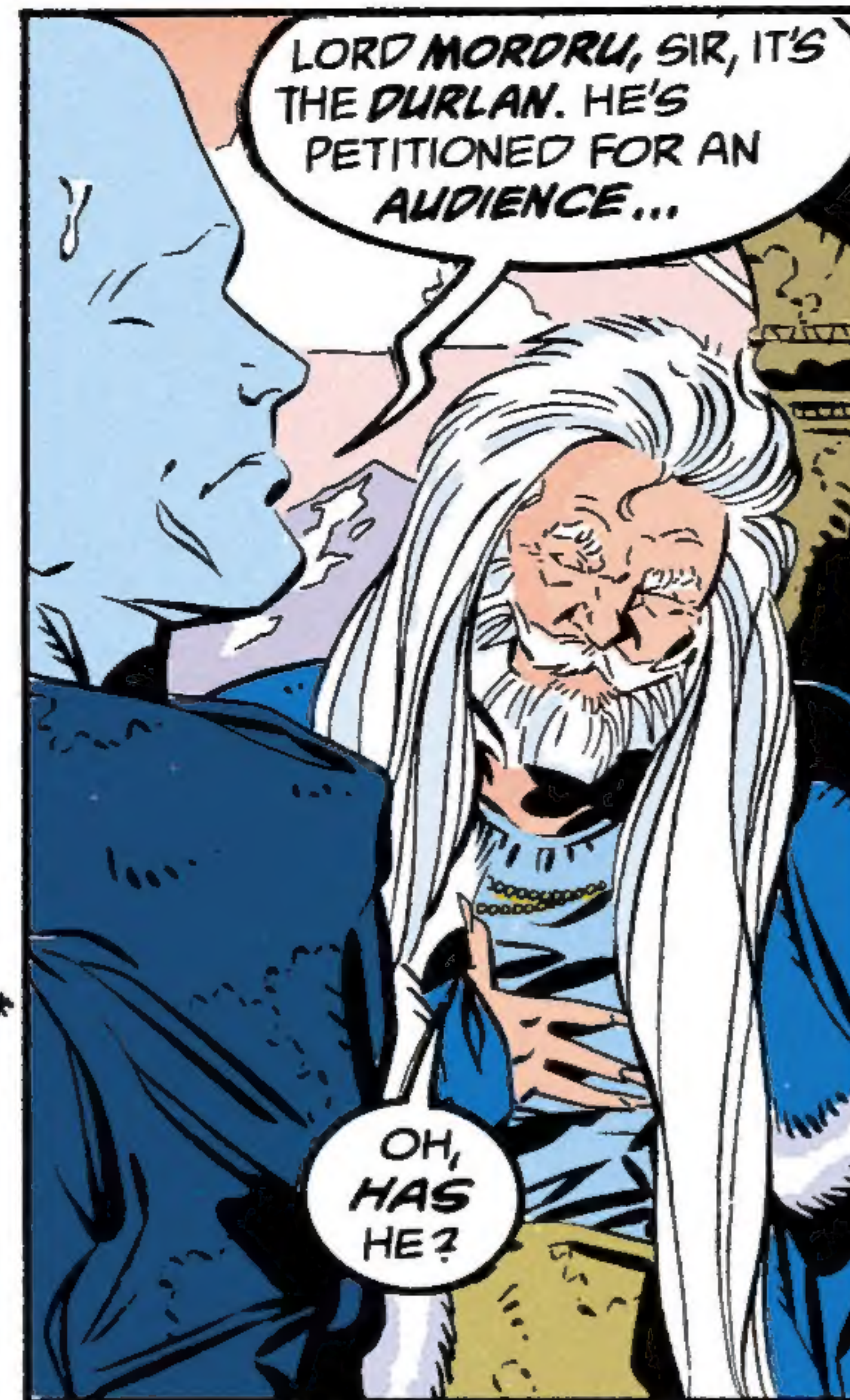
THEY COME TO TAKE
HER BY *FORCE*--



...WHEN SHE IS
STAYING OF HER
OWN FREE
WILL!

BEGGING YOUR
PARDON, LORD
EMPEROR...

WHAT SORT OF
UNIVERSE DO WE LIVE IN?



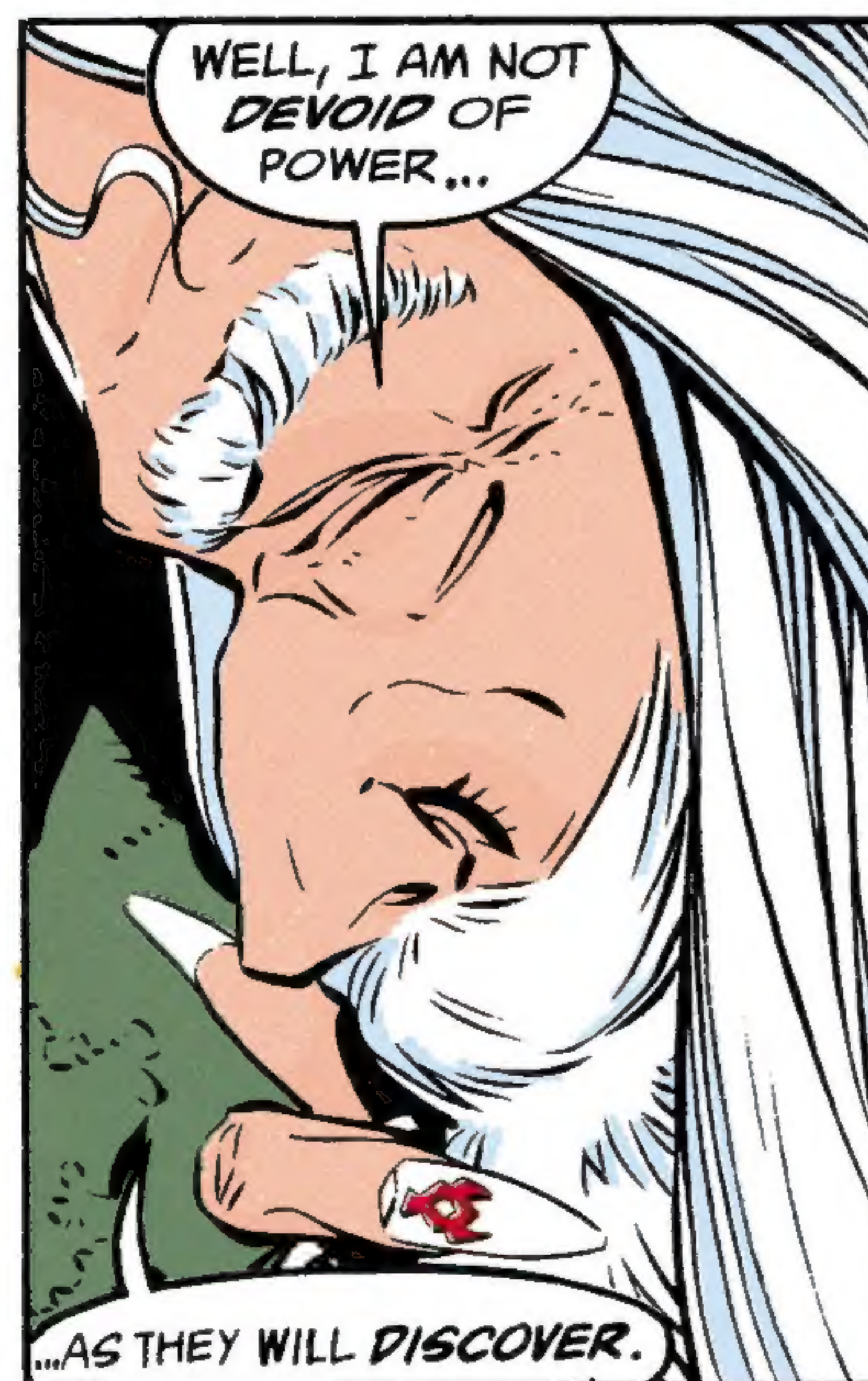
LORD *MORDRU*, SIR, IT'S
THE *DURLAN*. HE'S
PETITIONED FOR AN
AUDIENCE...

OH,
HAS
HE?



THE *ARROGANCE*! HE HOPES I'LL
WILLINGLY GIVE *UP* WHAT THEY'VE
COME TO TAKE!

HE
EXPECTS ME TO
NEGOTIATE!



WELL, I AM NOT
DEVOID OF
POWER...

...AS THEY WILL *DISCOVER*.

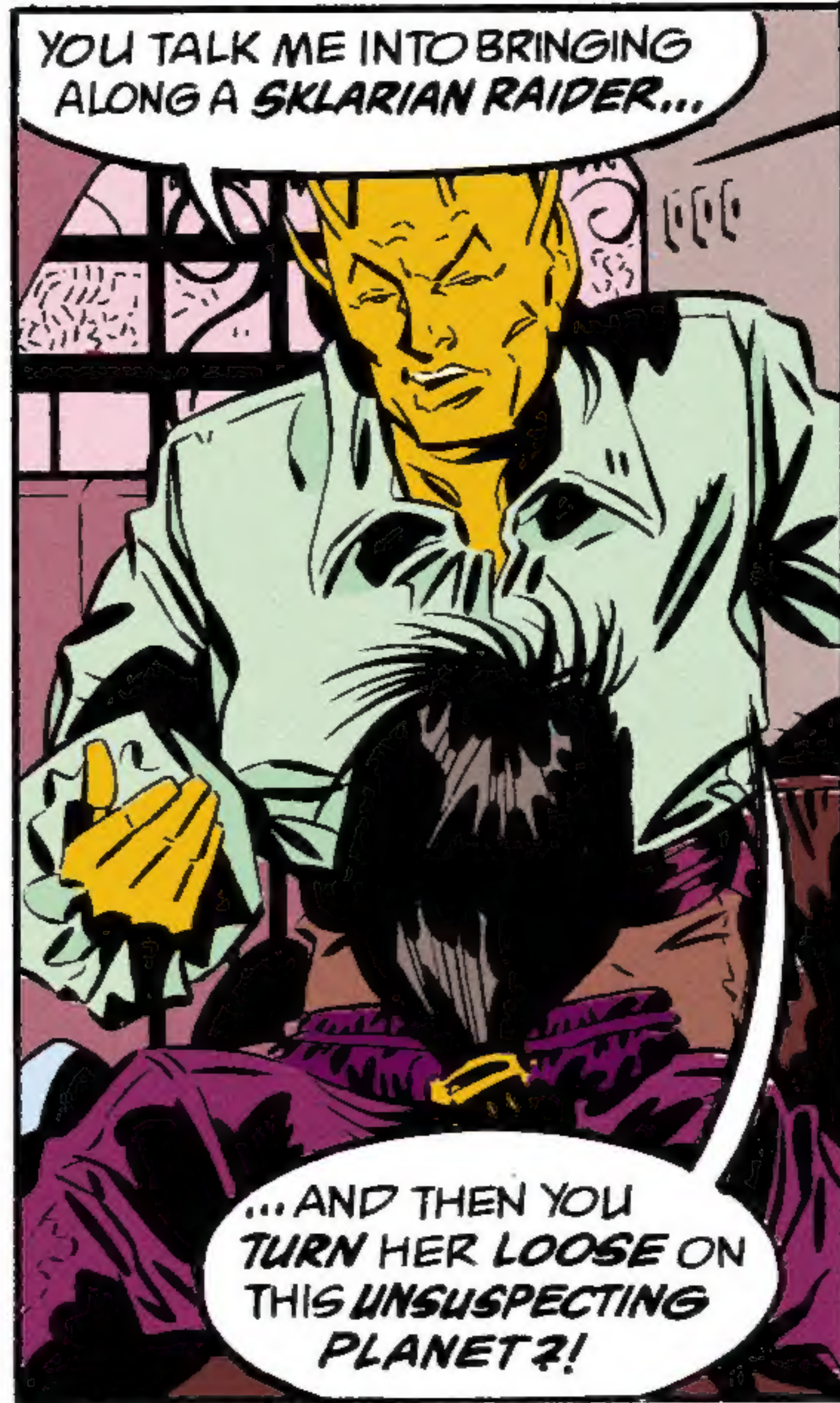
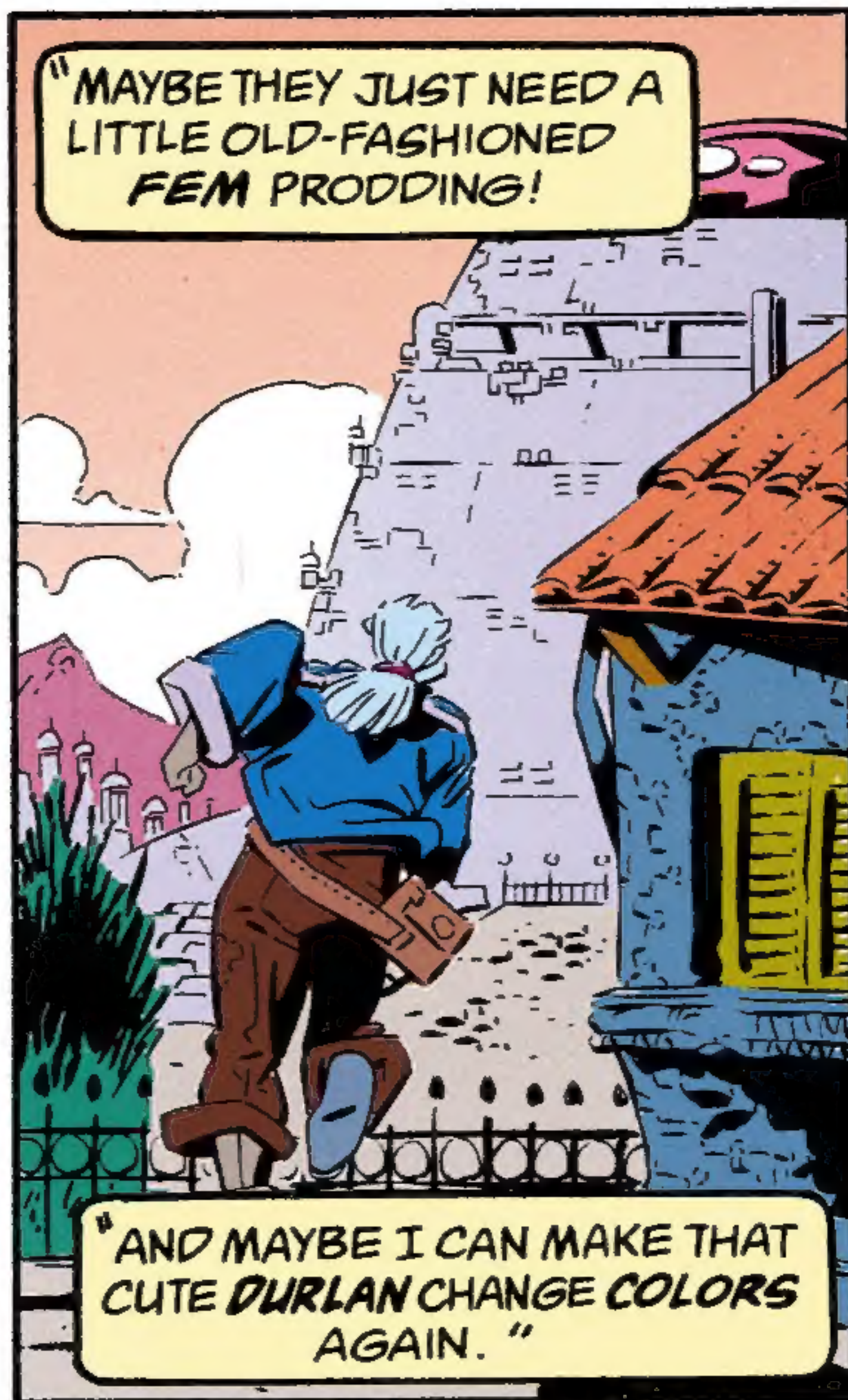
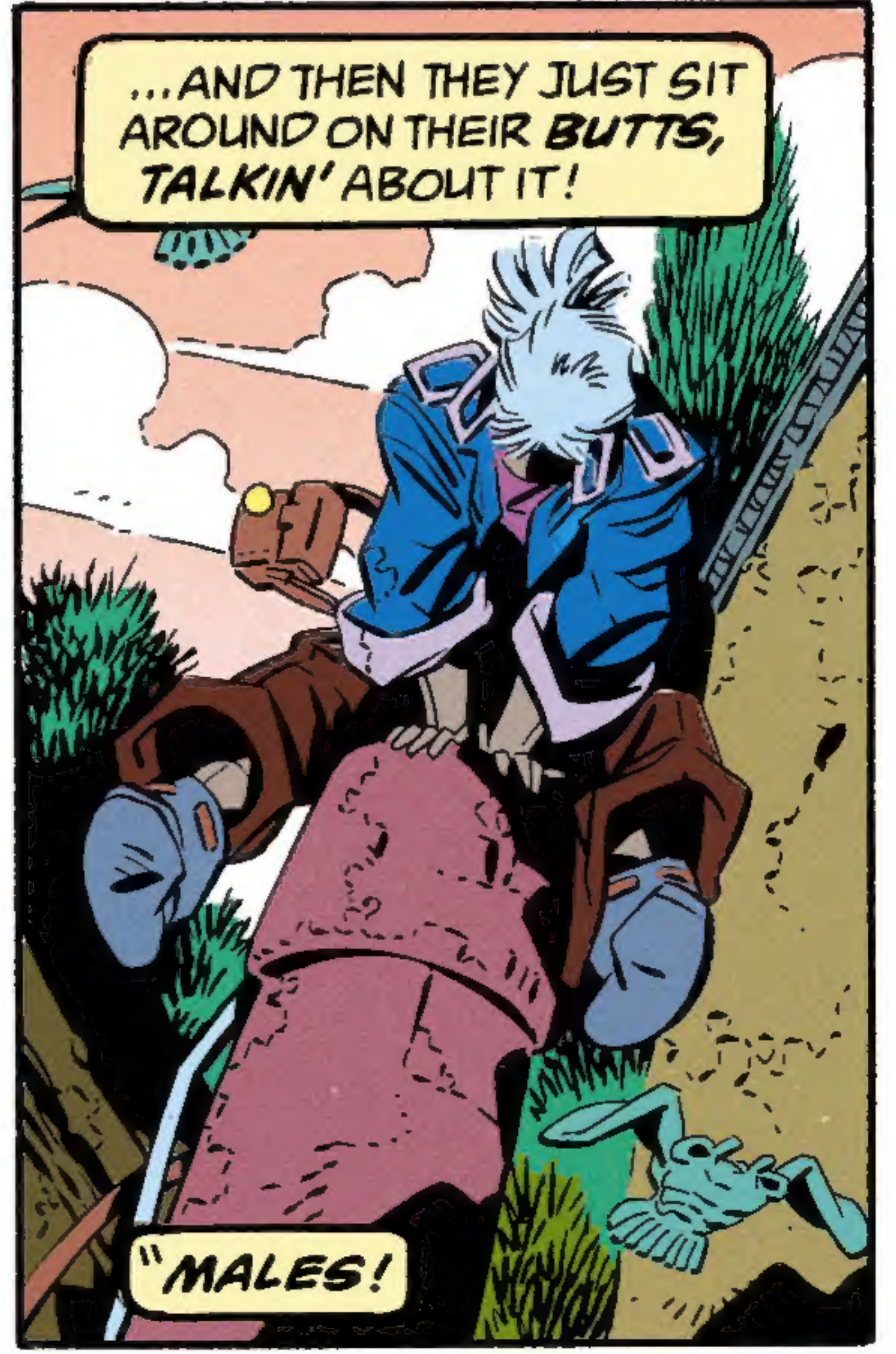


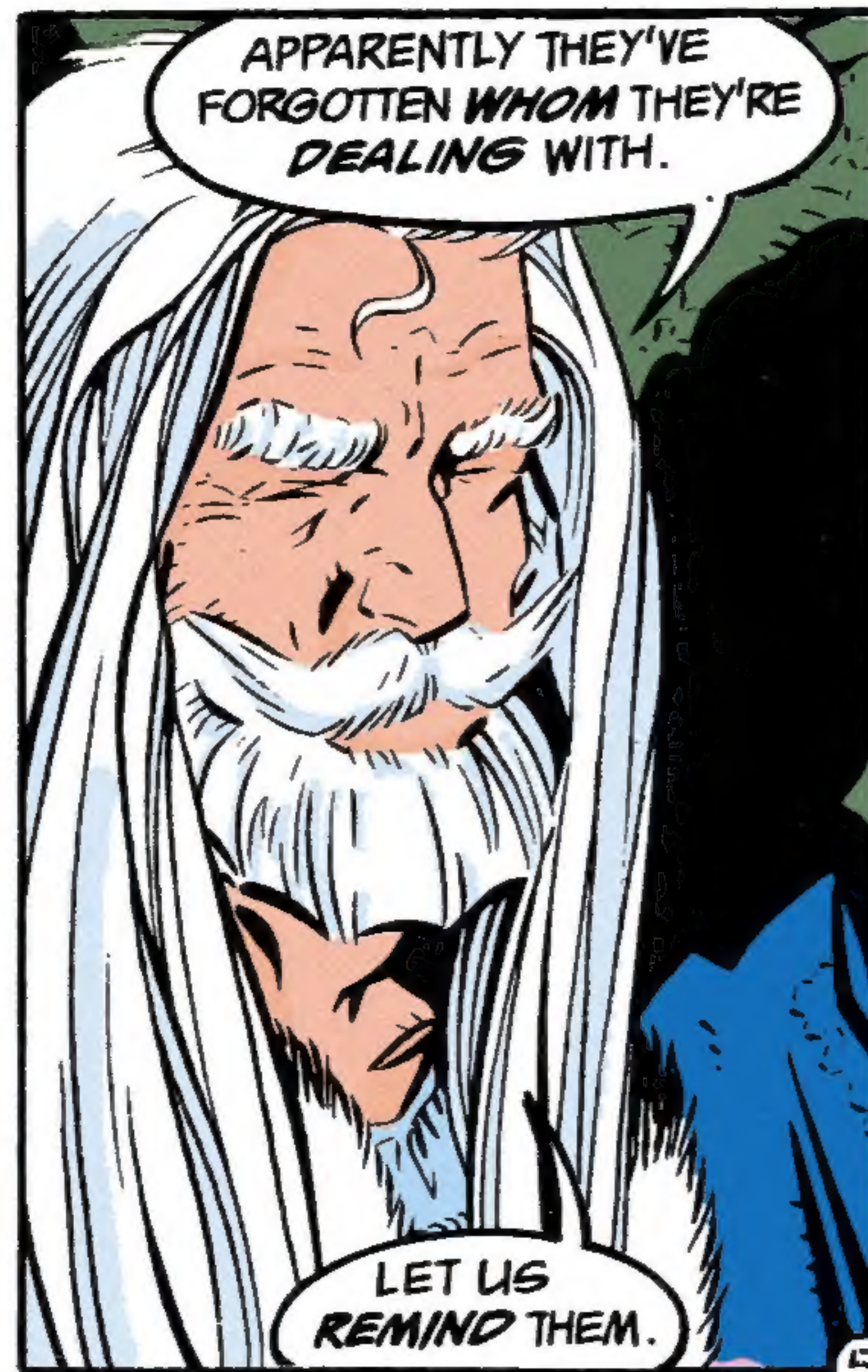
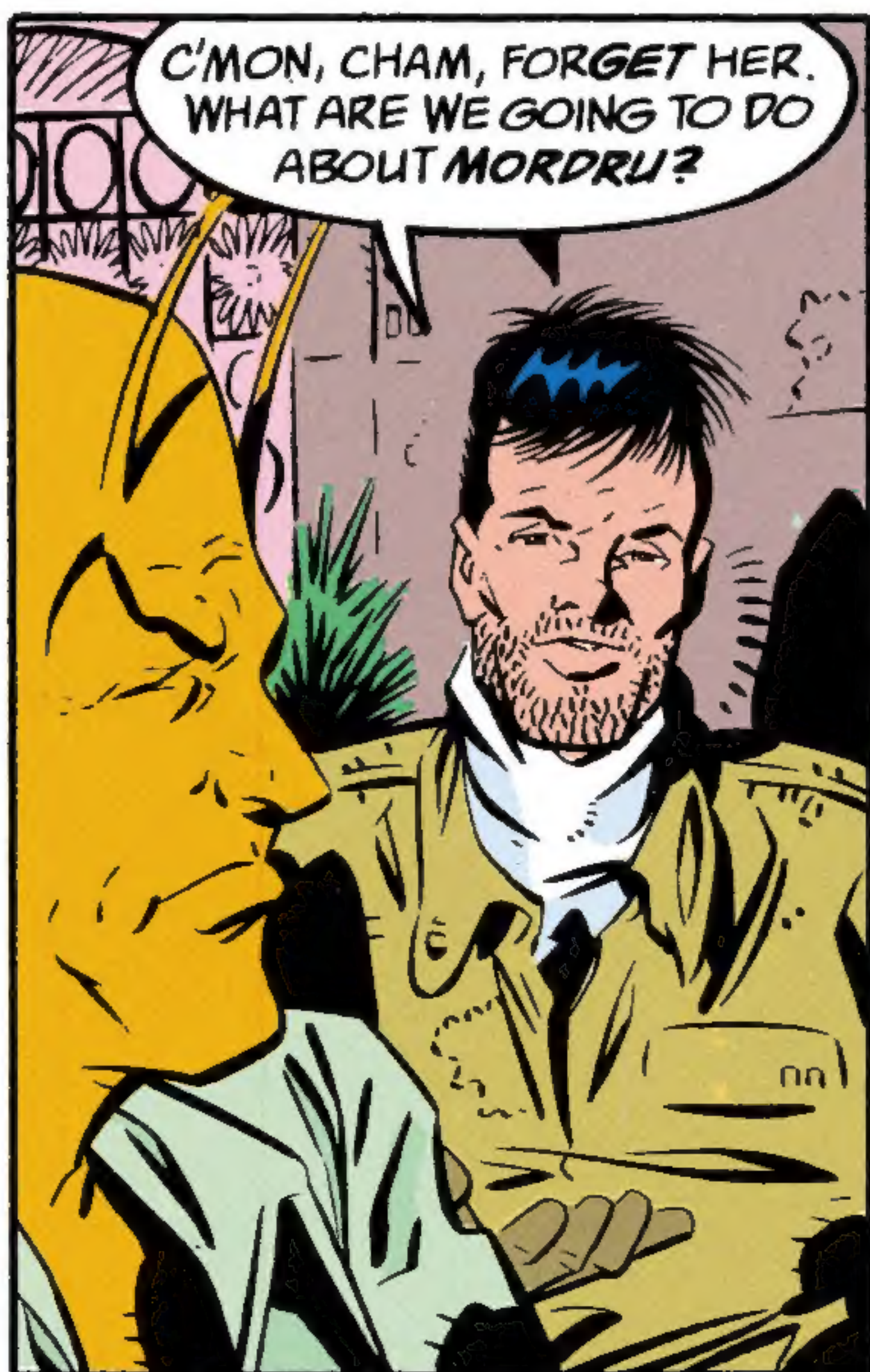
YES, SURELY THEY *WILL*,
LORD EMPEROR!

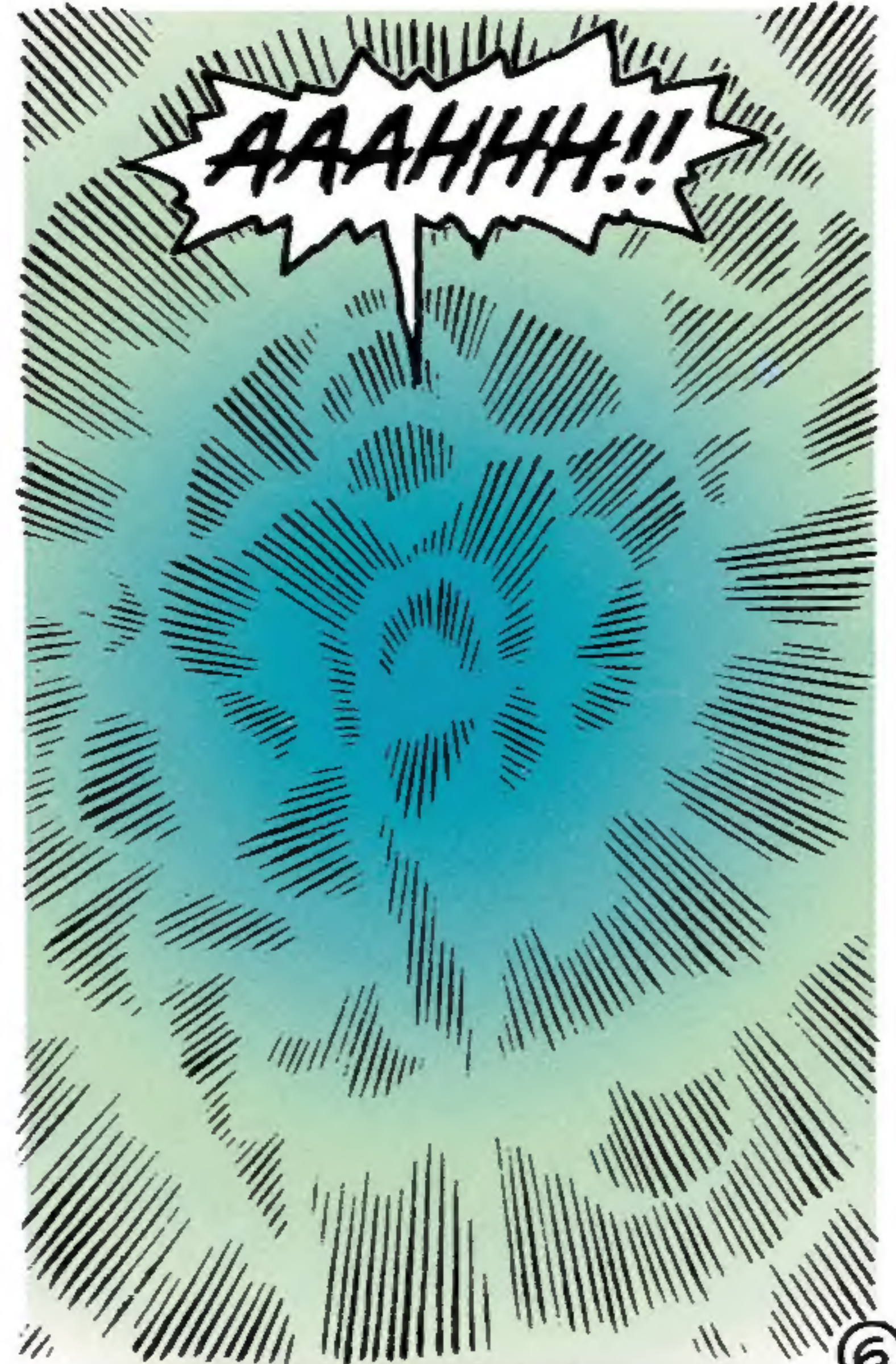
OH, GET *OUT*! GET
OUT AND BRING ME
VRYKOS!

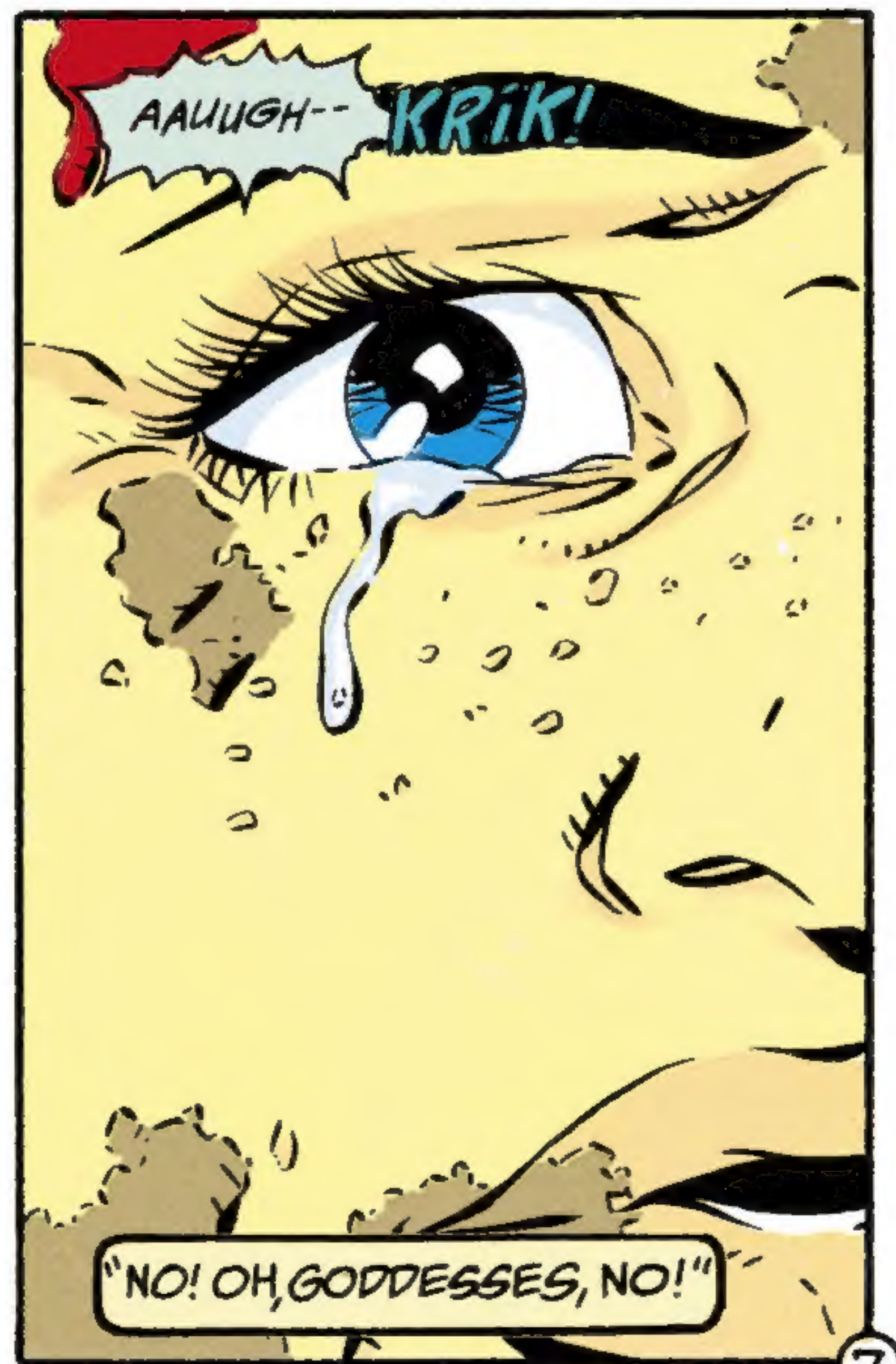
I NEED TO CONSULT
WITH SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T
TREMBLE BEFORE ME.

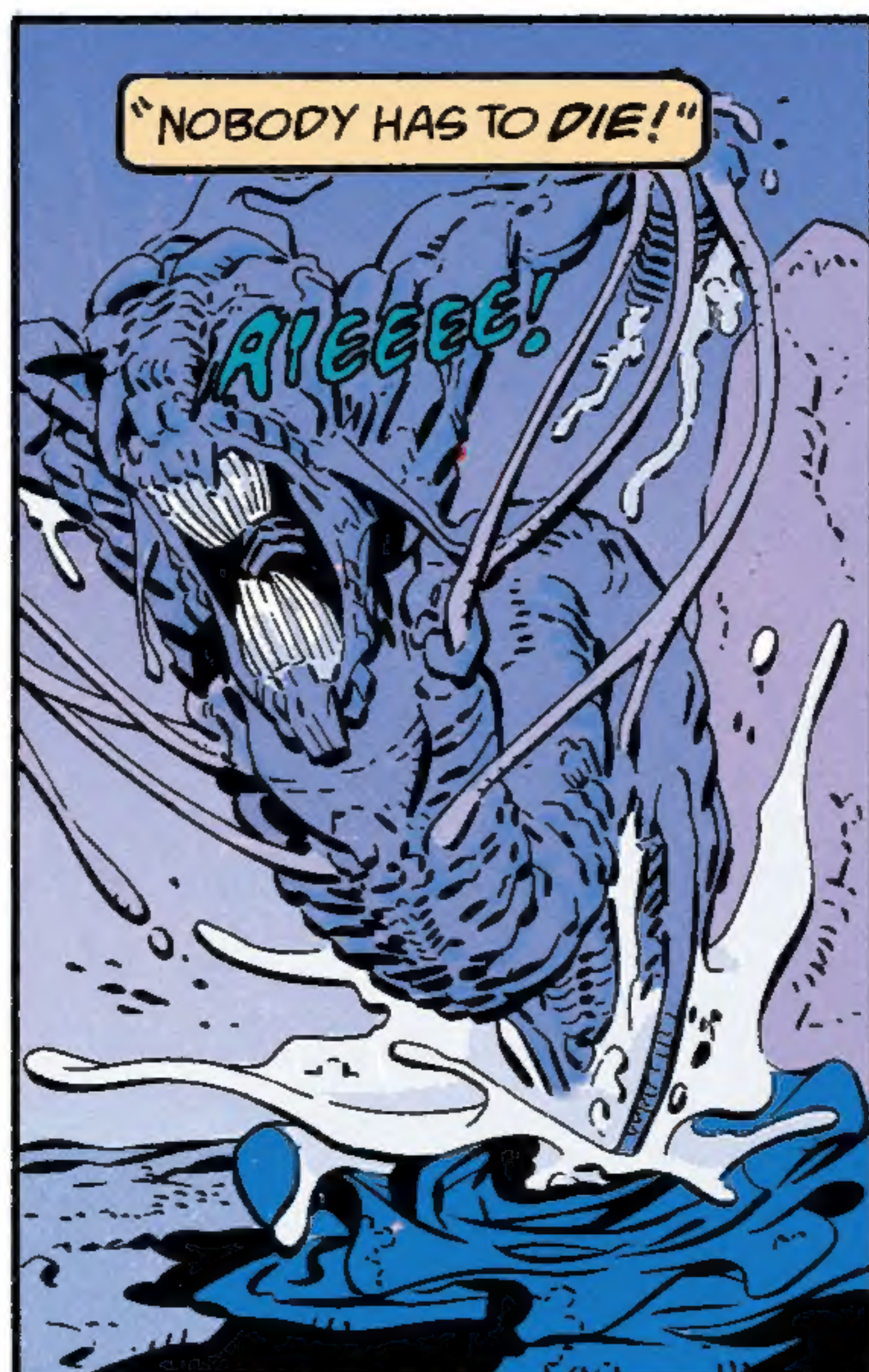
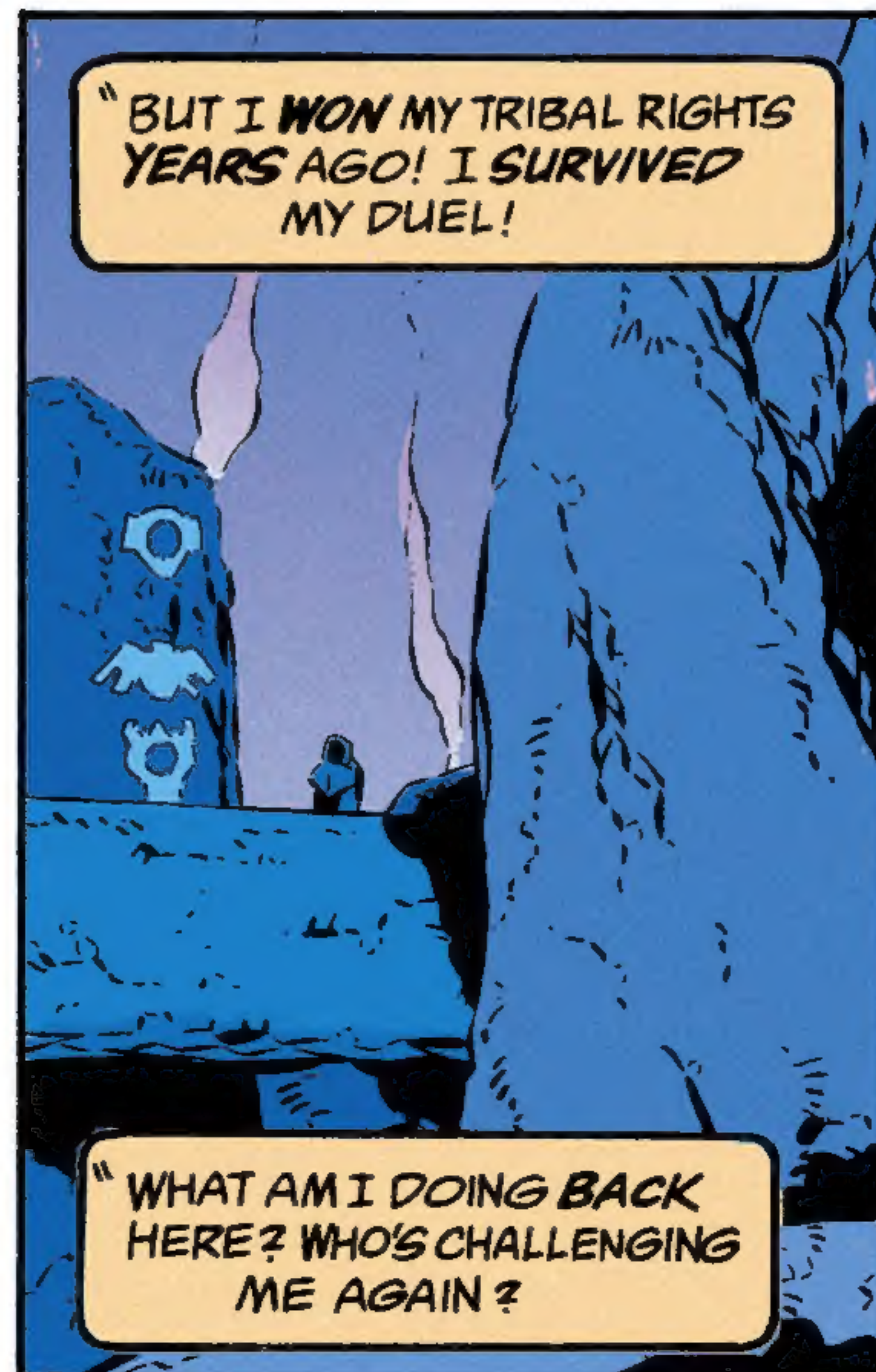
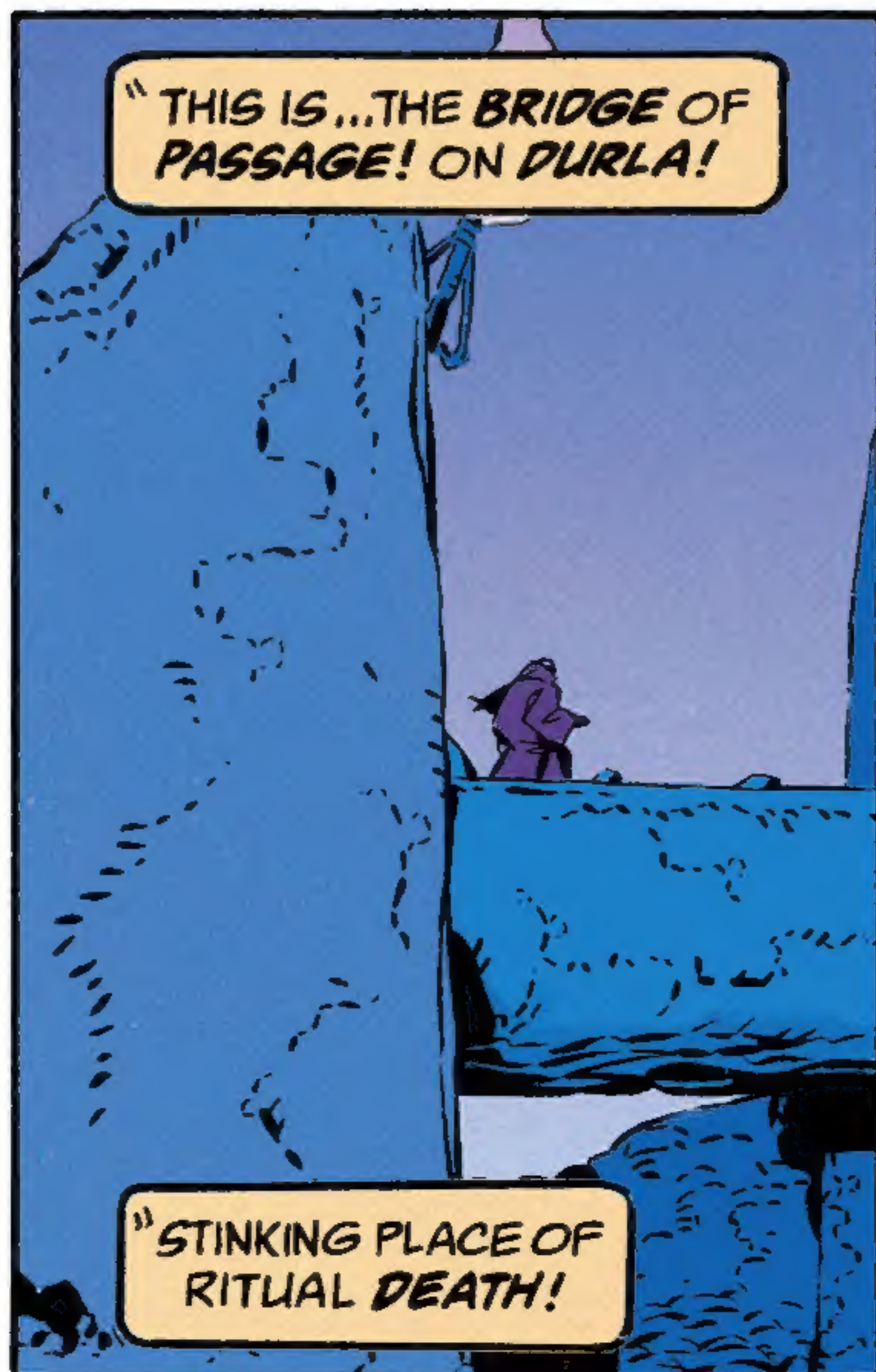
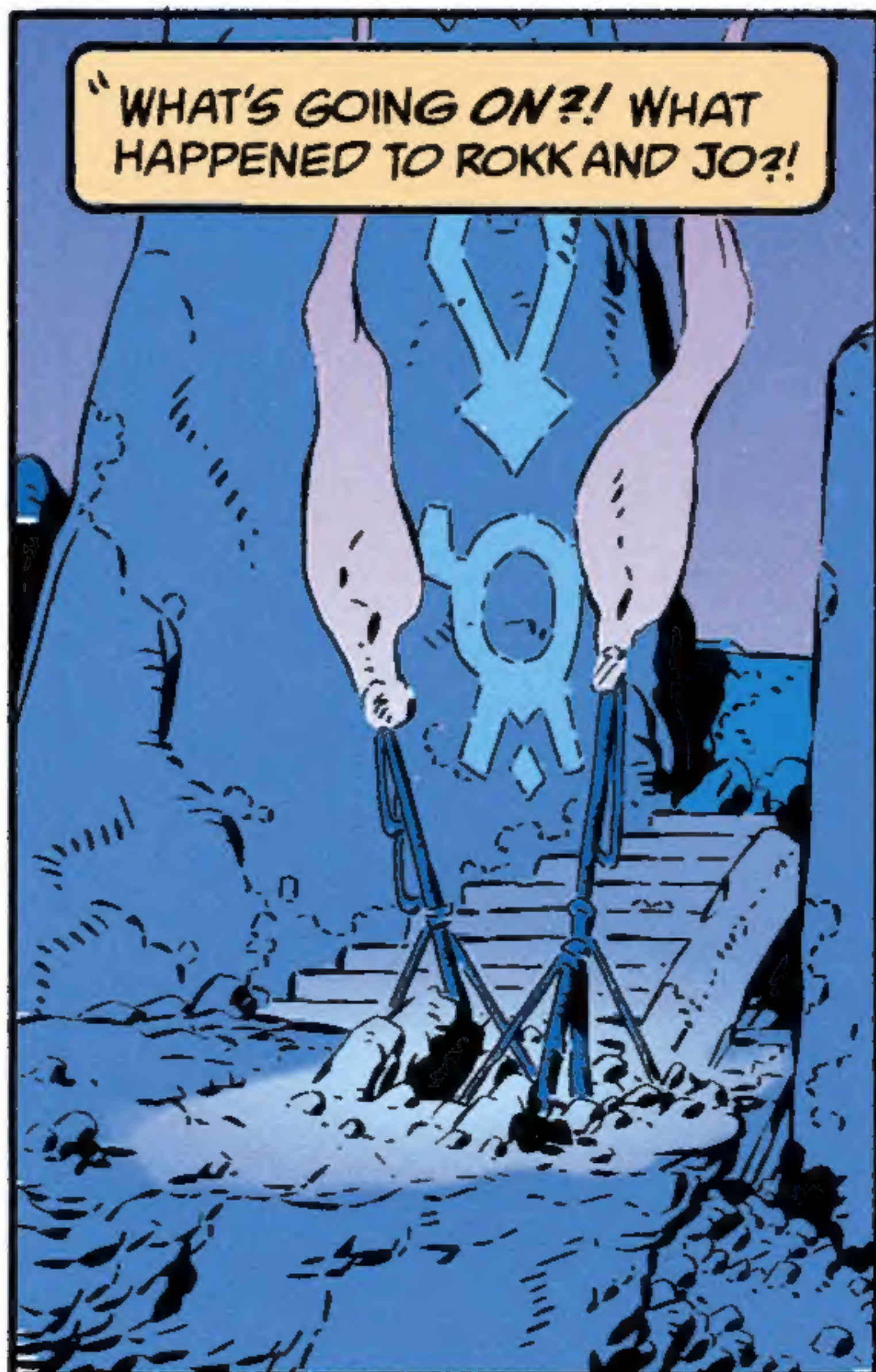
YET.

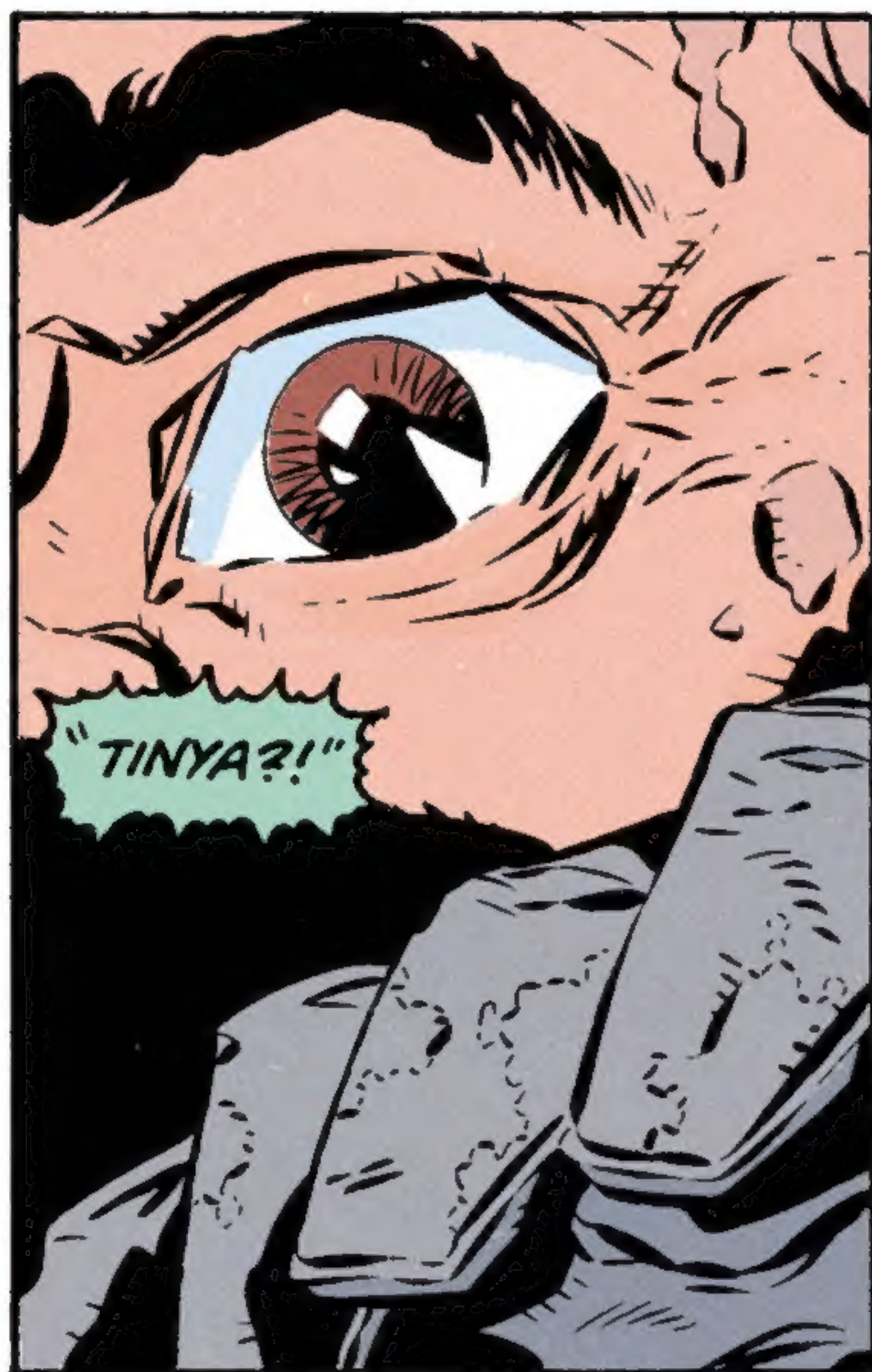














"OH, GOD... OH, GOD..."

"...GOT TO REPORT..."



"...MUST FIND
COMMAND BASE..."



"...HORRIBLE IMISKIAN WEAPON...
**MASSIVE CASUALTIES... CAN
STILL AID SURVIVORS...**

"...GOT TO REPORT..."



"=UHHN=... OH GOD..."

"C'MON, ROKK... **FOCUS
NOW... MUST REPORT...**



"MUST--"

"=UHN!="



"MUST... MUST KEEP GOING...
COMMAND MUST KNOW..."

"...TROOPS STATIONED AT
VENADO BAY **DECIMATED...
MASSIVE CASUALTIES...**



"...COMMAND MUST--"

"POL! OH GOD,
POL! MY OWN
BROTHER!"

"IT... IT
CAN'T BE!"



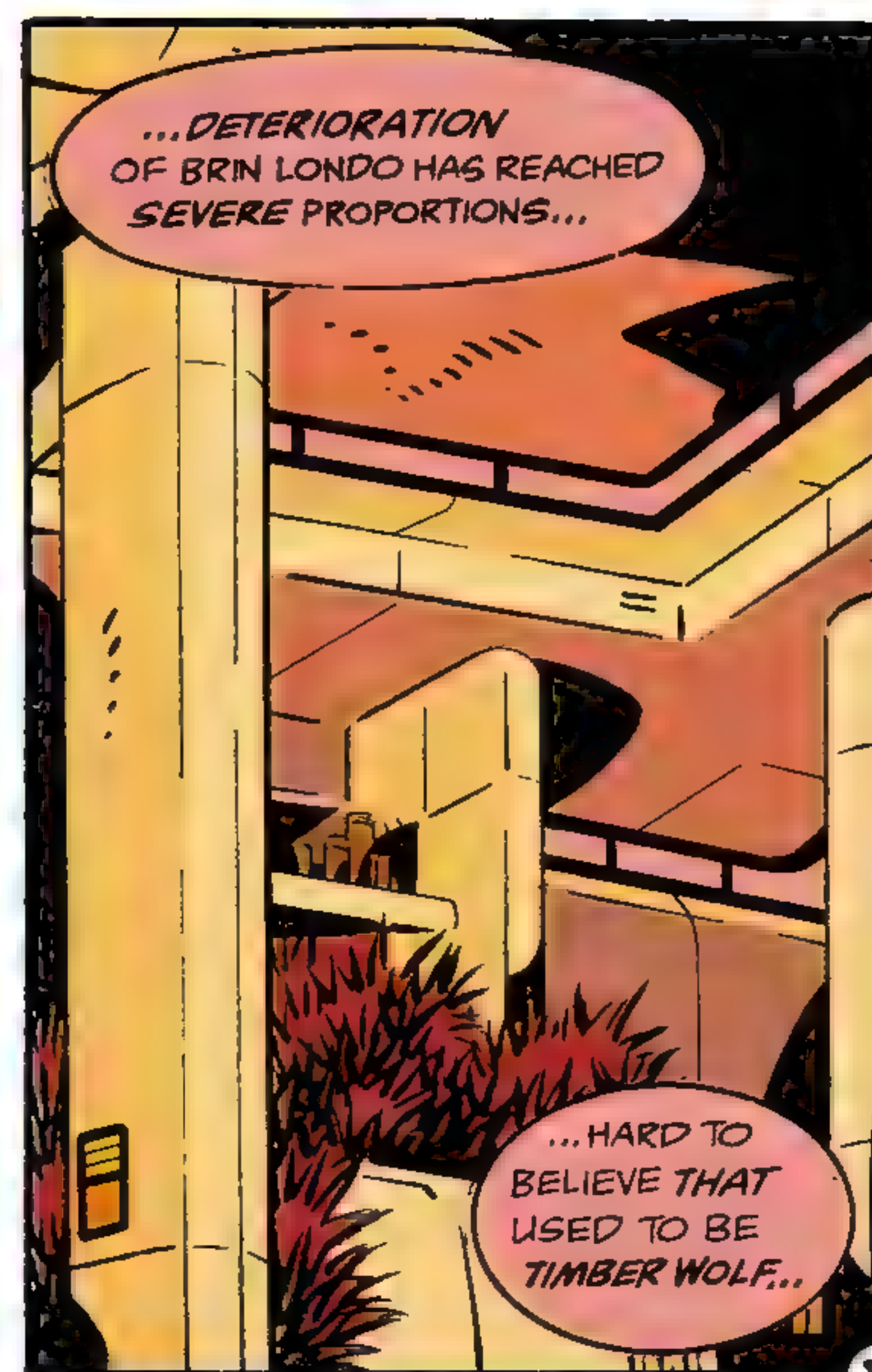
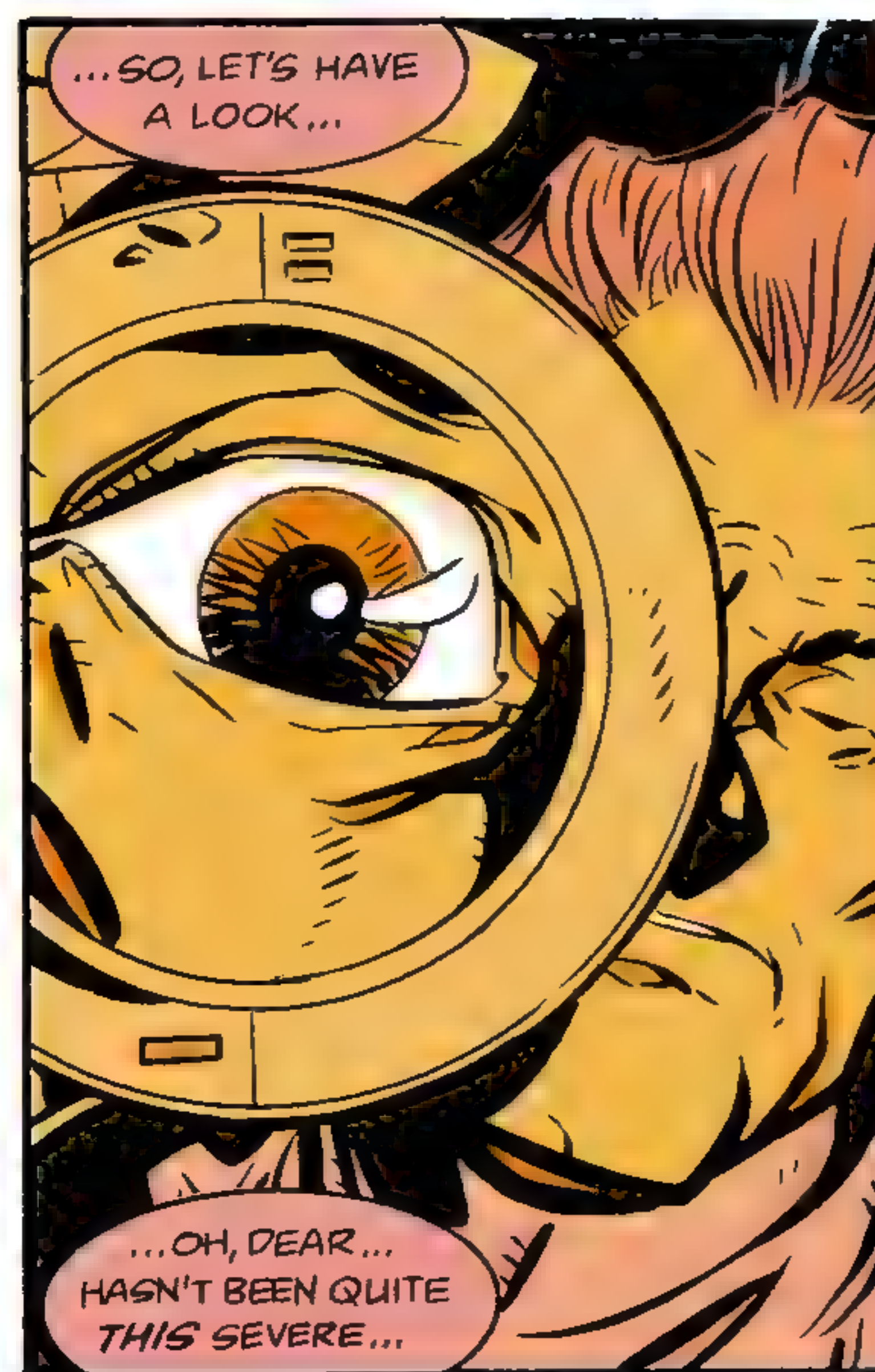
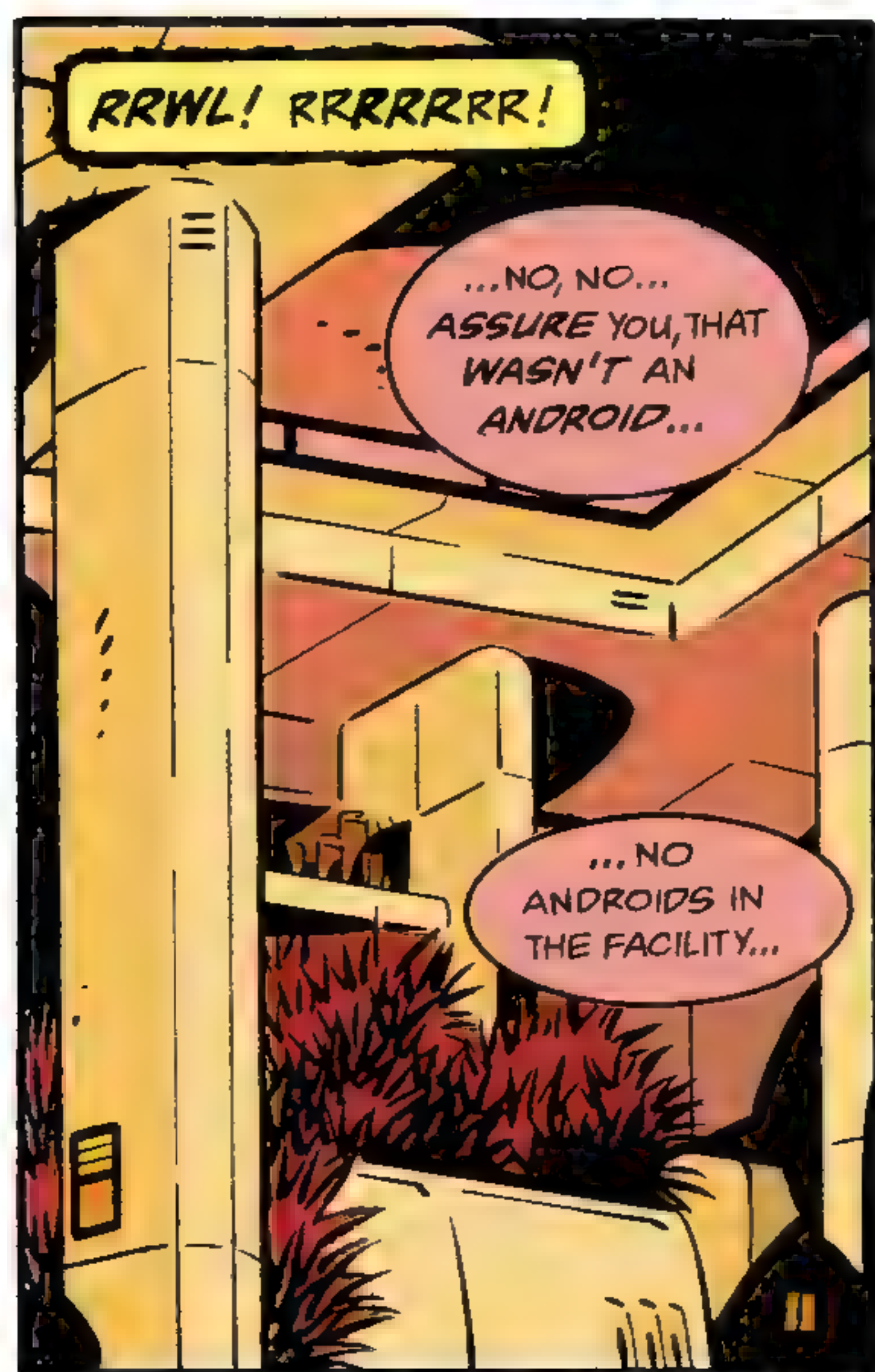
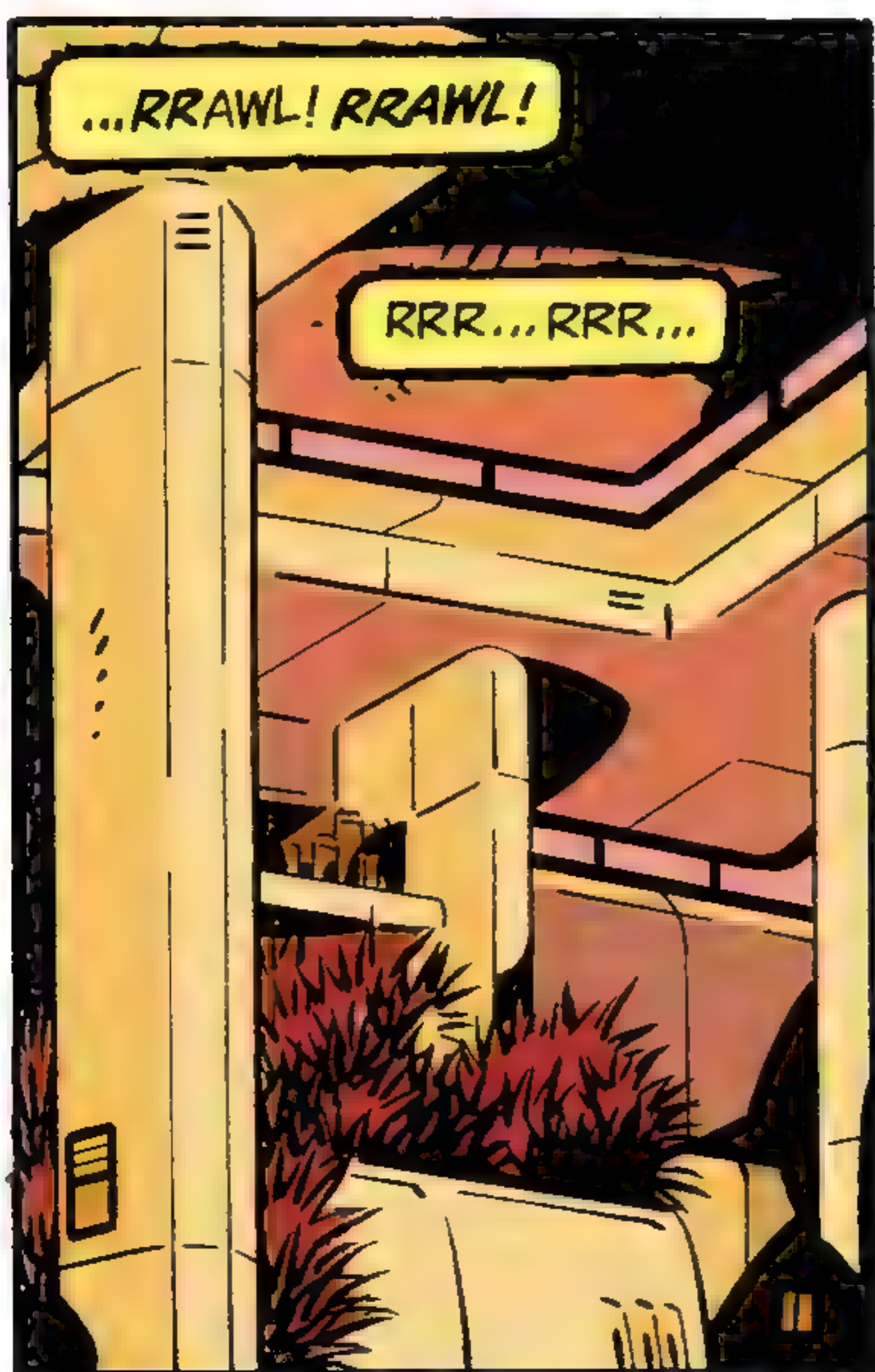
"OF COURSE NOT... *stupid
Mordru...* THEY DIDN'T KILL
MAGNETIC KID AT VENADO
BAY--"

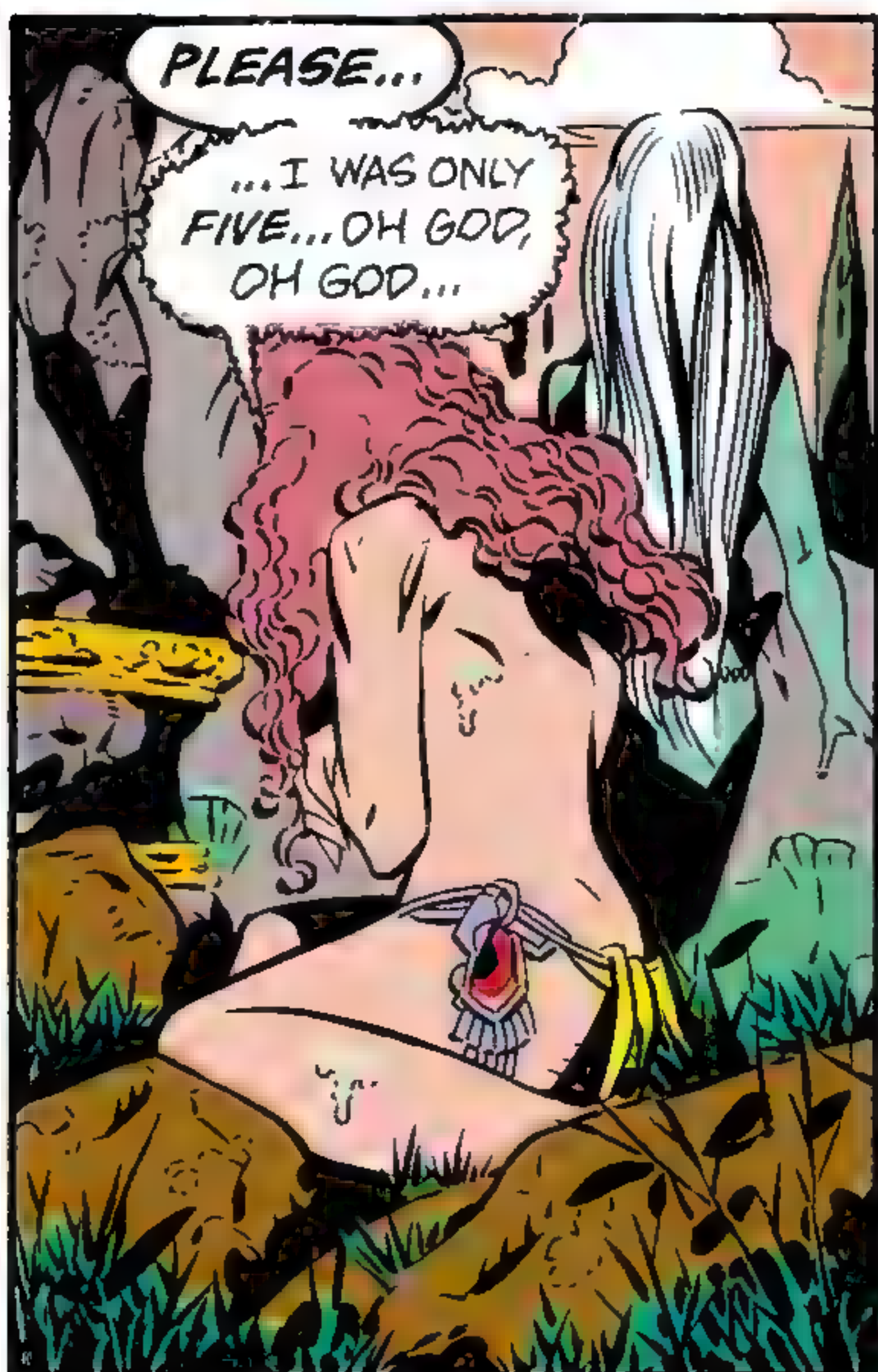
"--THEY KILLED
COSMIC BOY!"



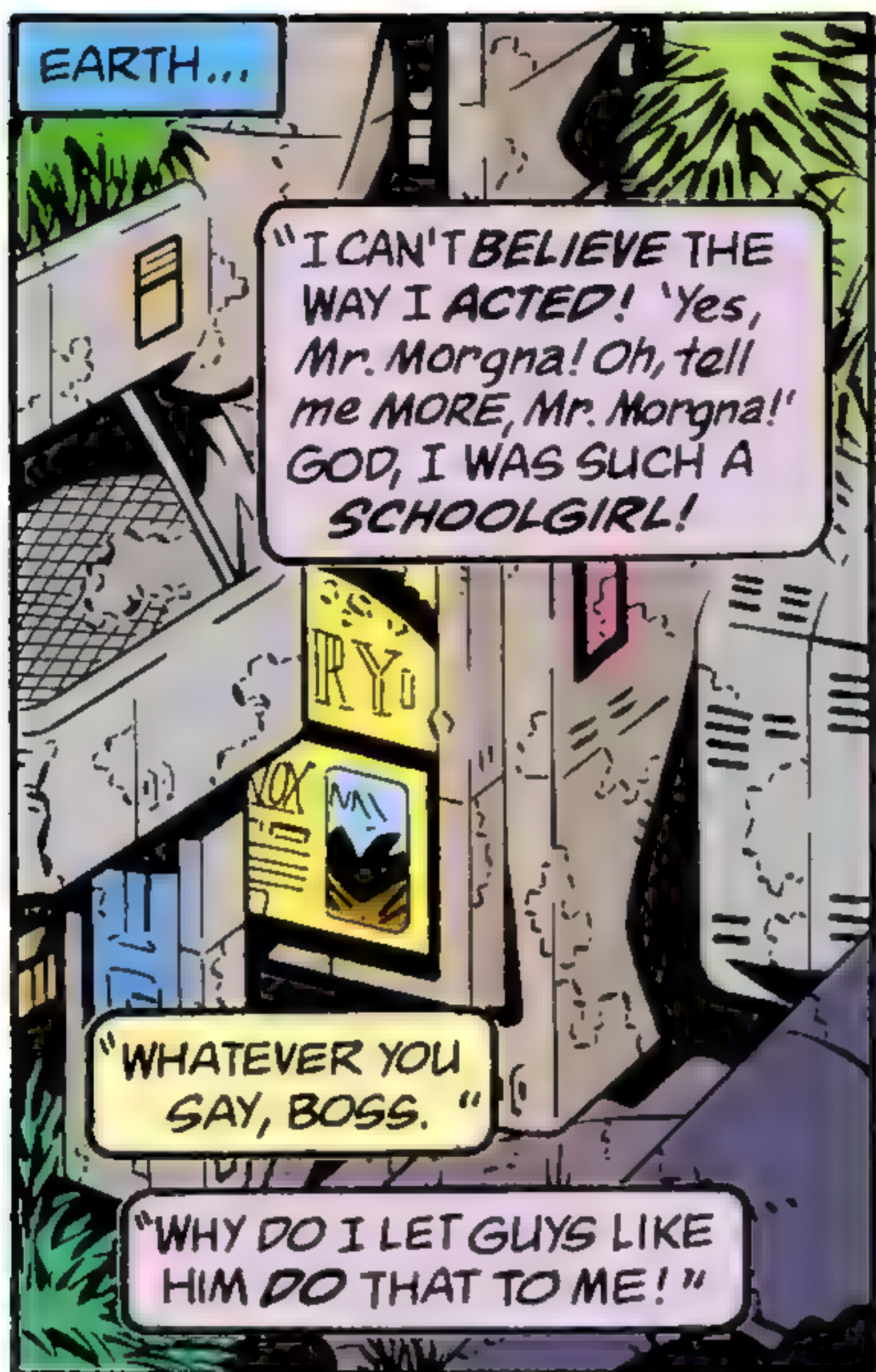
"YOU HEAR ME, MORDRU?!
THEY KILLED **COSMIC BOY!**

"YOU WENT TOO FAR THIS
TIME, MORDRU! YOU WENT
TOO FAR!"









"I CAN'T BELIEVE THE WAY I ACTED! 'Yes, Mr. Morgna! Oh, tell me MORE, Mr. Morgna!' GOD, I WAS SUCH A SCHOOLGIRL!"

"WHATEVER YOU SAY, BOSS."

"WHY DO I LET GUYS LIKE HIM DO THAT TO ME!"



"THEY PAY HIM TO DO THAT TO YOU."

"OH, THAT'S RIGHT, I KEEP FORGETTING. THEY COULDN'T POSSIBLY WANT ME FOR MY ABILITIES. THEY'VE GOT SOME OTHER SINISTER MOTIVE IN MIND."



...SOMETHING LIKE THAT, YEAH...

NOW WHAT?!

THEY GOTTA BE KIDDING! NO FLIGHTS TO TROM? EVER?!



GREAT!

I'VE GOT ONE GOOD LEAD, SO OF COURSE THERE'S NO WAY TO GET THERE!



WHY IN HELL WOULDN'T THEY FLY TO TROM?

THE CARETAKER THERE... BEEN KNOWN TO VAPORIZE ALL VISITORS.

WHAT? YOU'RE KIDDING, AREN'T YOU? HE'S AN EX-LEGIONNAIRE. HE WOULDN'T VAPORIZE A MICROBE...

...WOULD HE?



LEGIONNAIRES HAVE BEEN KNOWN TO CRACK UP.



JAN ARRAH INSANE? I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT...

...I KNOW I left that damn gun around here...

AH.



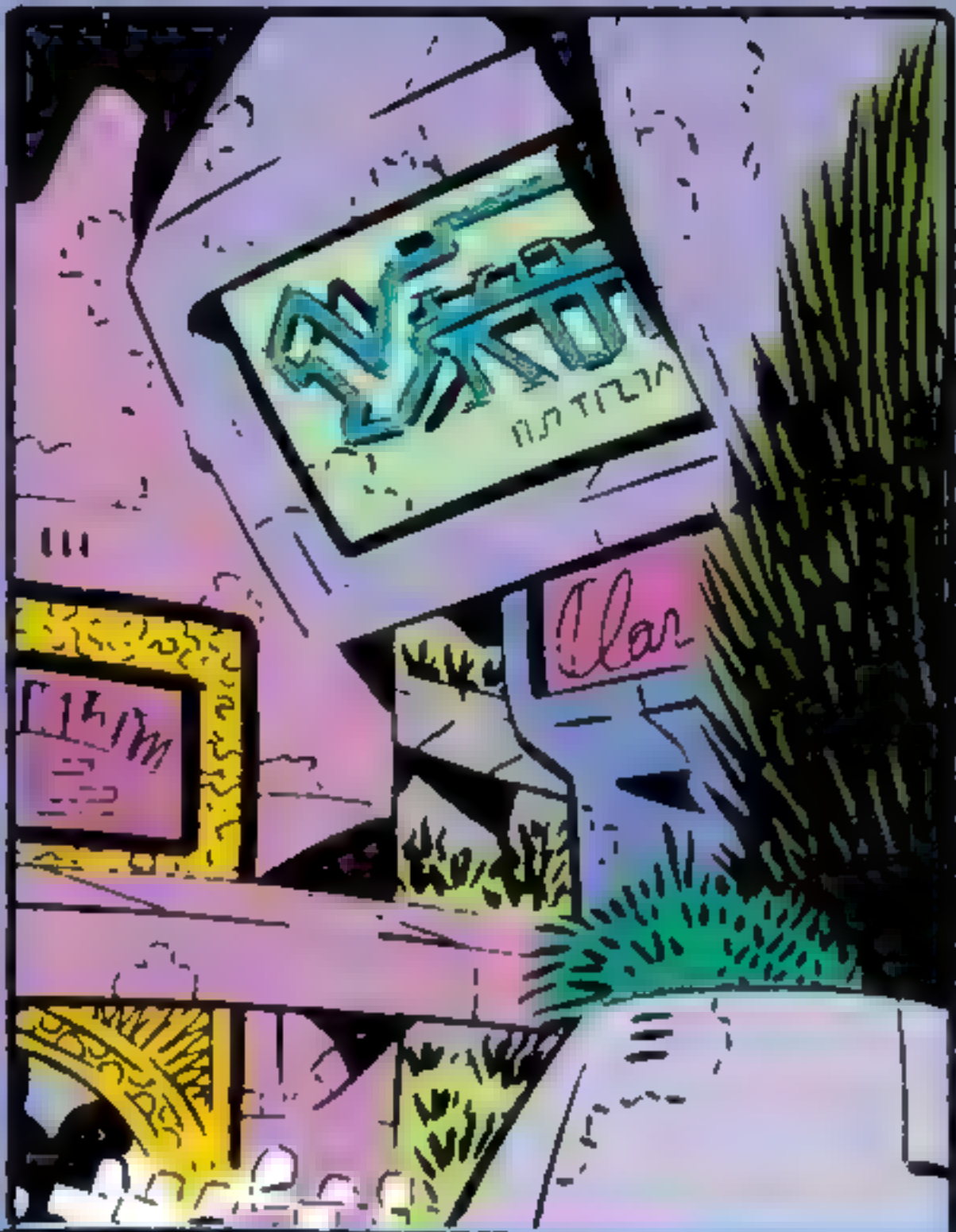
BUT WE'RE NEVER GOING TO KNOW WHAT THIS JAN ARRAH IS LIKE, WILL WE?



"BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE A SNOWBALL'S CHANCE ON THARR OF GETTING TO TROM."

AH! OPEN, ARE THEY?

"WELL, BOSS, MAYBE SOMETHING'LL COME UP."



...ATROCITY LIKE THIS IN THE MOST **EXPENSIVE** SHOPPING DISTRICT ON **KORR**. MORE THAN **TWO DOZEN** EMPLOYEES AND CUSTOMERS ARE FEARED **DEAD**.



SCIENCE POLICE HAVE REFUSED TO COMMENT ON REPORTS THE SUSPECTED GUNMAN IS CONVICTED MASS MURDERER **ROXXAS**...



...HERE SEEN IN HIS LAST KNOWN **HOLO**, TAKEN BEFORE HIS UNEXPLAINED RELEASE FROM THE PRISON PLANET **LABYRINTH**.



THE SCIENCE POLICE ARE **ALREADY** SEEKING **ROXXAS** FOR QUESTIONING IN CONNECTION WITH THE MURDER OF THE DRYAD HERO **BLOK**.

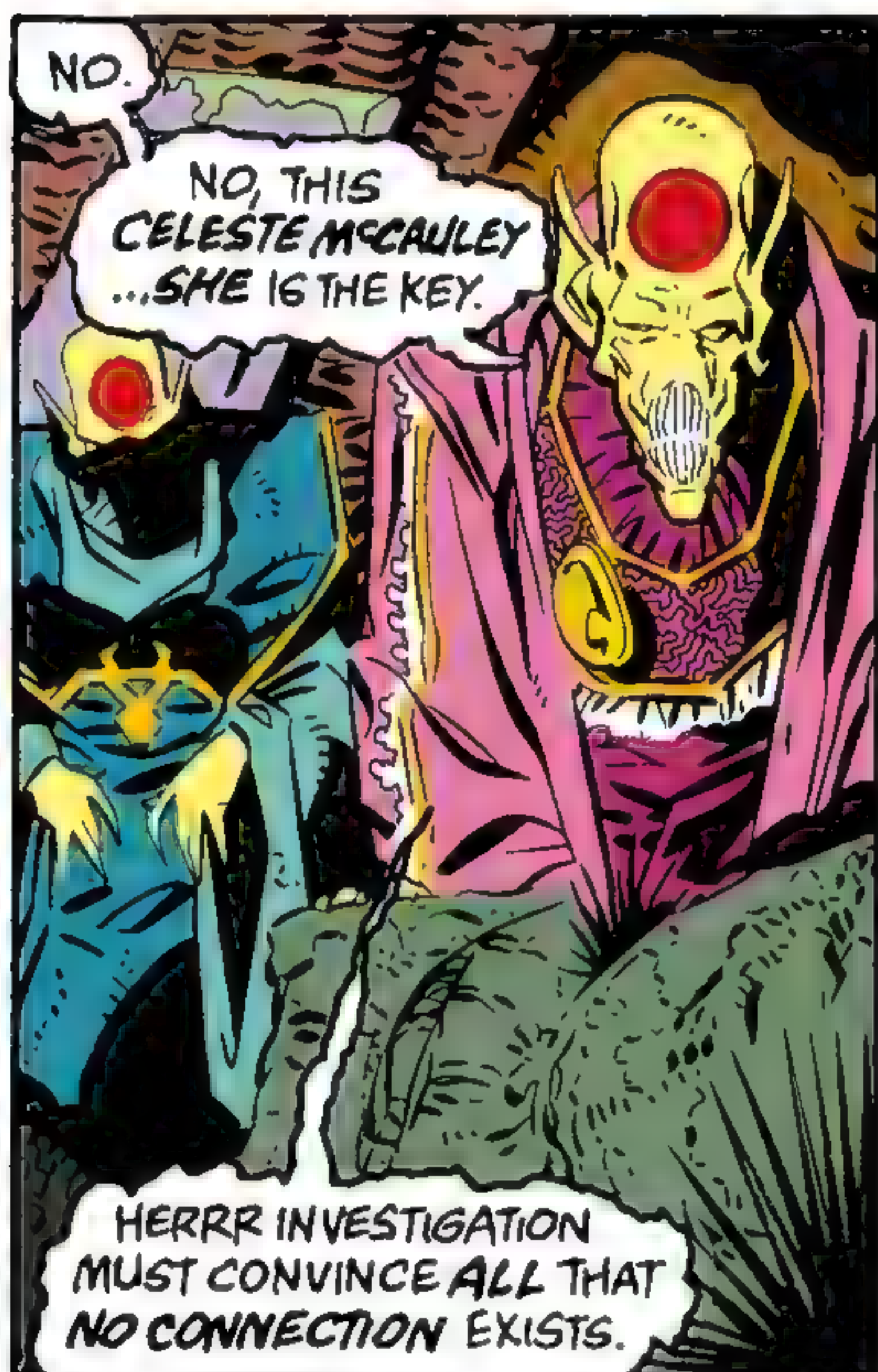
ALSO LEFT UNANSWERED IS EXACTLY **WHAT** CONNECTION EXISTS BETWEEN **ROXXAS** AND **EARTHGOV**.



THE **DAILY PLANET** HAS REPORTED...

klik

BLAST HIM! YOURR, ah, ah, **DISCRREET AGENT!** ..ah, ah...HE'LL BRING US **ALL DOWN!**



NO.

NO, THIS **CELESTE MCCAULEY** ...SHE IS THE KEY.

HERR INVESTIGATION MUST CONVINCE ALL THAT **NO CONNECTION** EXISTS.



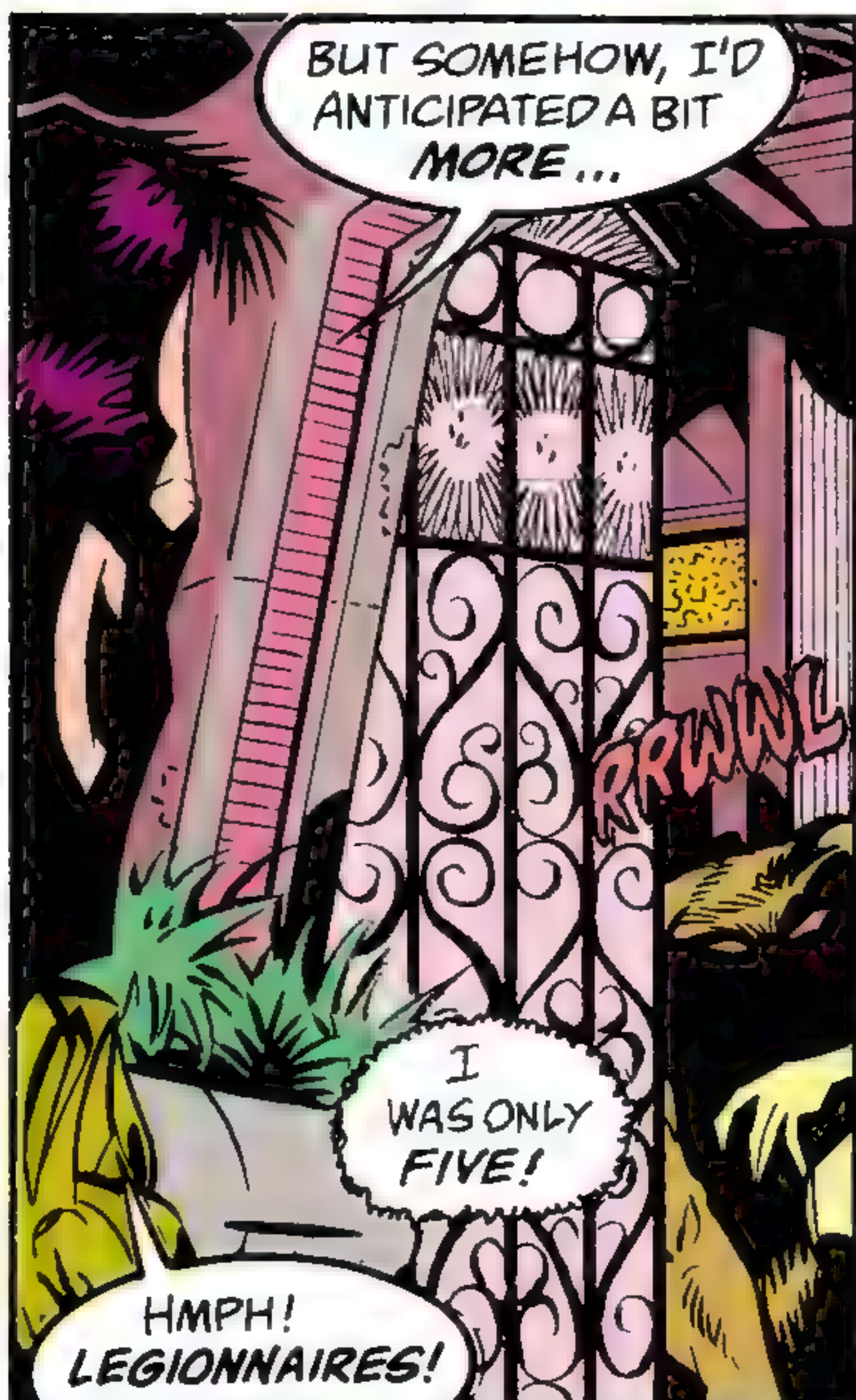
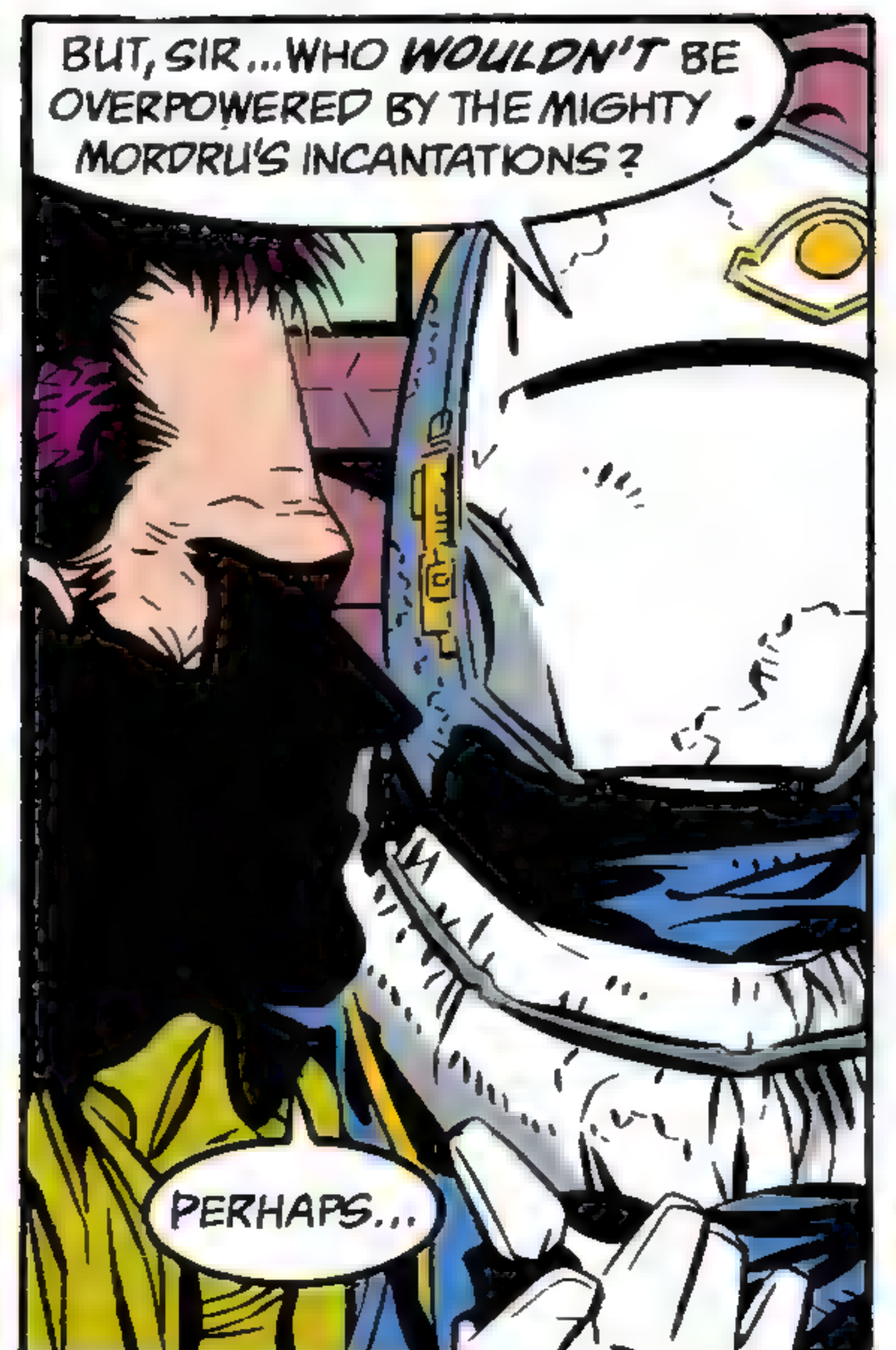
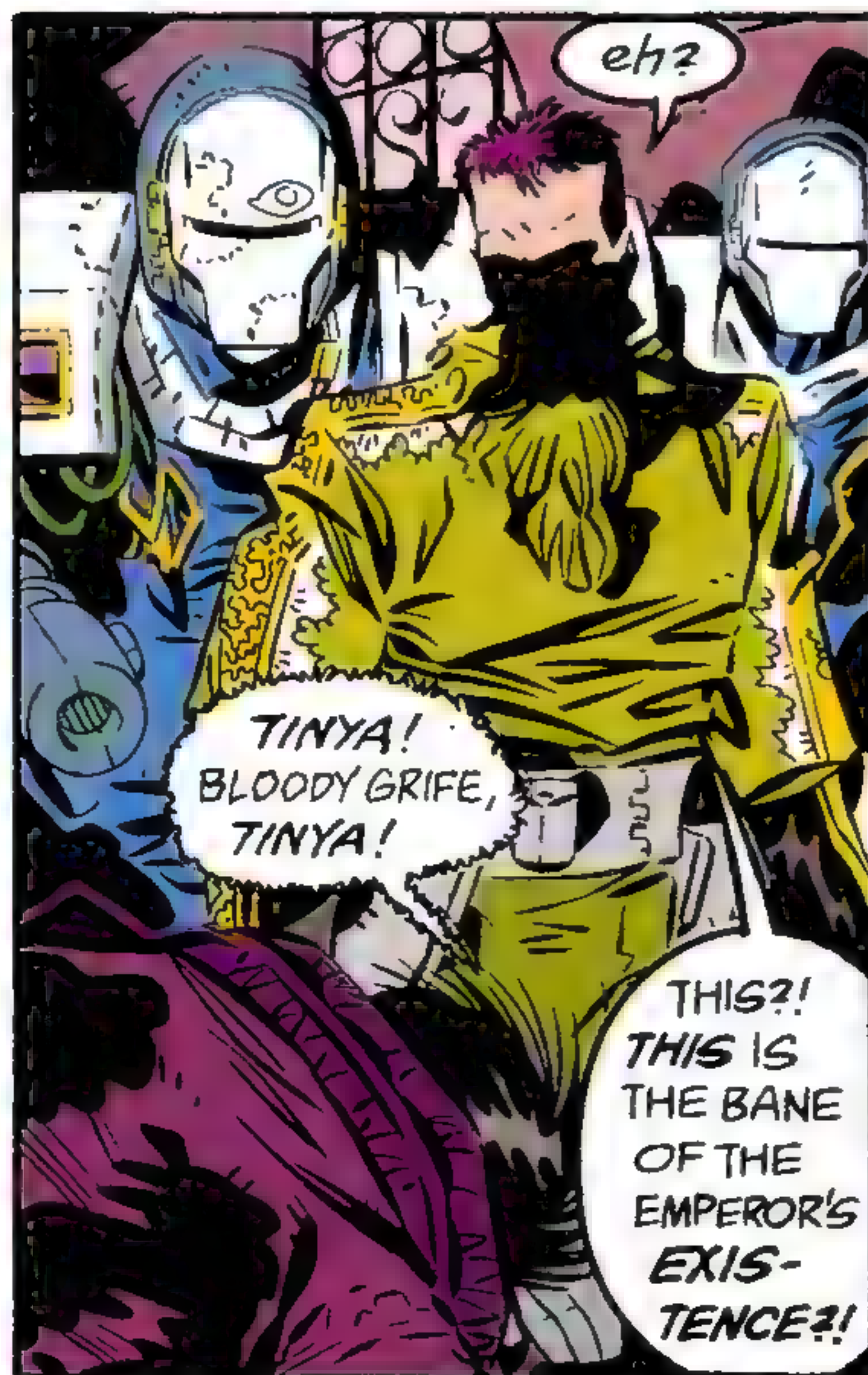
BUT WE **MUST** MAKE THE HUMANS BELIEVE SHE'S EARTH'S GREATEST DETECTIVE SINCE **WAYNE**...

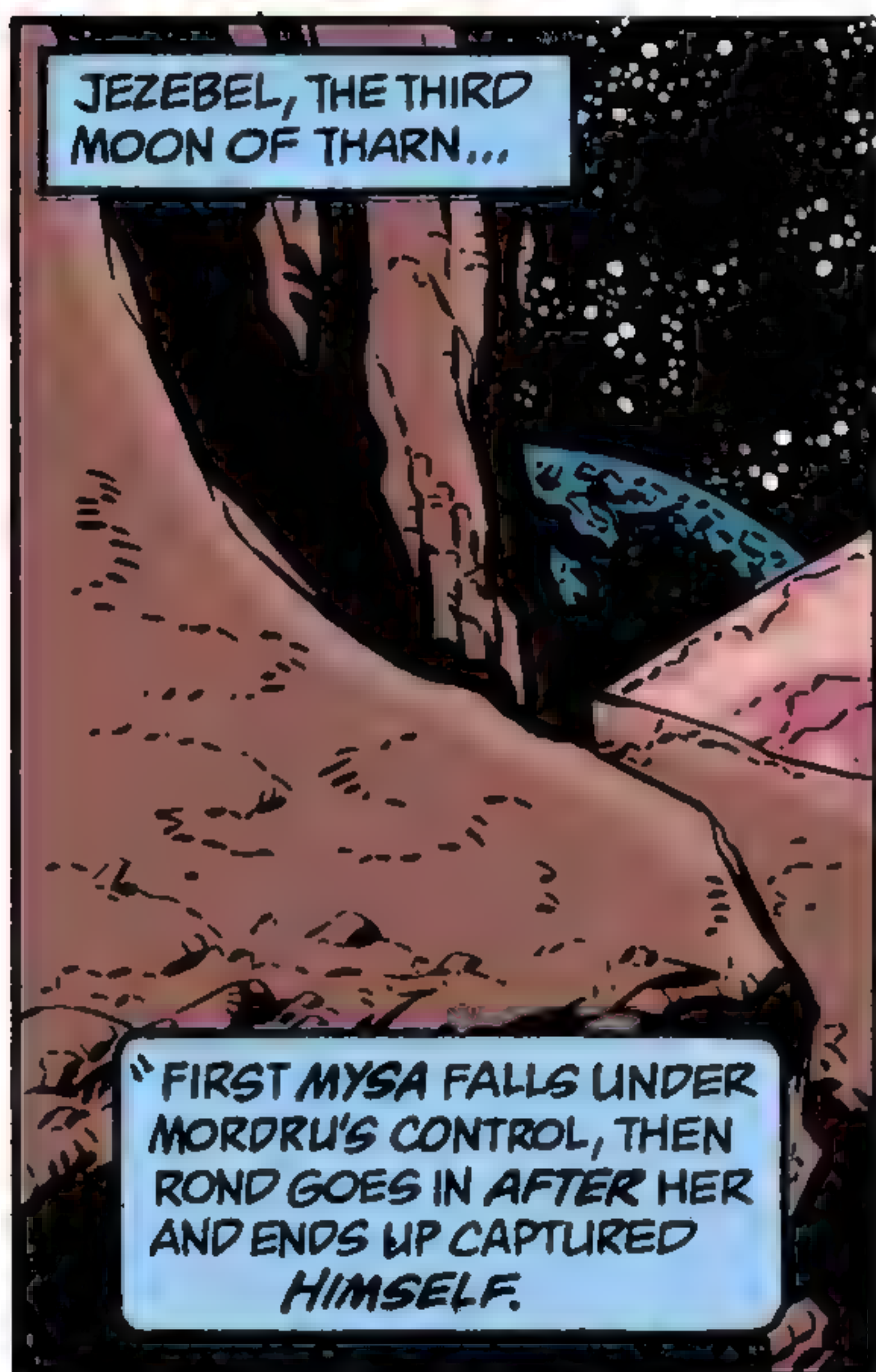


MORGNA'S PRRESS RELEASE. IT HAS TO BE, ah, ah, **CARREFULLY**, ah, **COUCHED**.

THIS WILL **NOT** BE DIFFICULT, CASTE BROTHER. HUMANS **CRRAVE HERROES**.

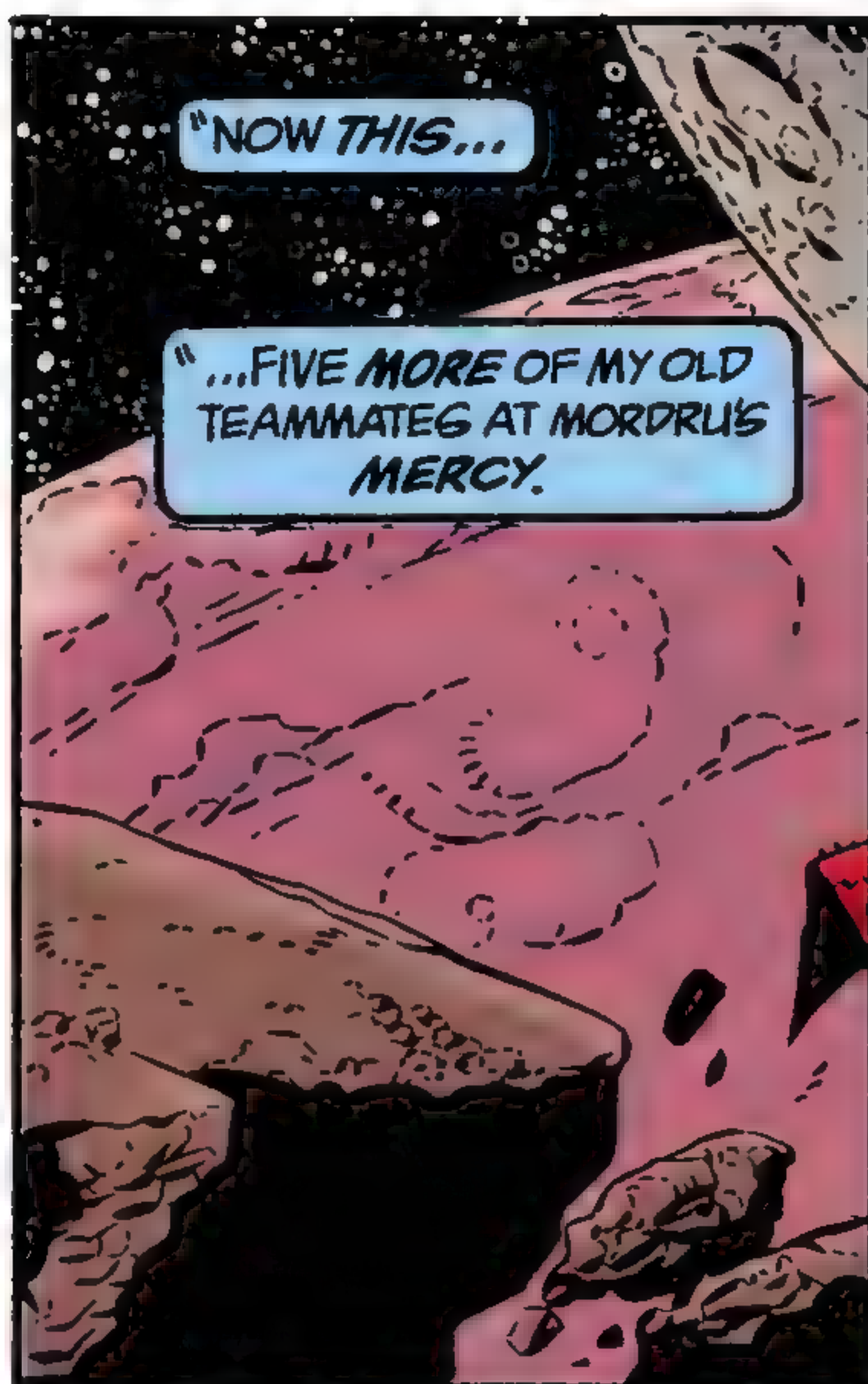
WE SHALL **GIVE THEM ONE**.





JEZEBEL, THE THIRD
MOON OF THARN...

"FIRST MYSA FALLS UNDER
MORDRU'S CONTROL, THEN
ROND GOES IN AFTER HER
AND ENDS UP CAPTURED
HIMSELF.



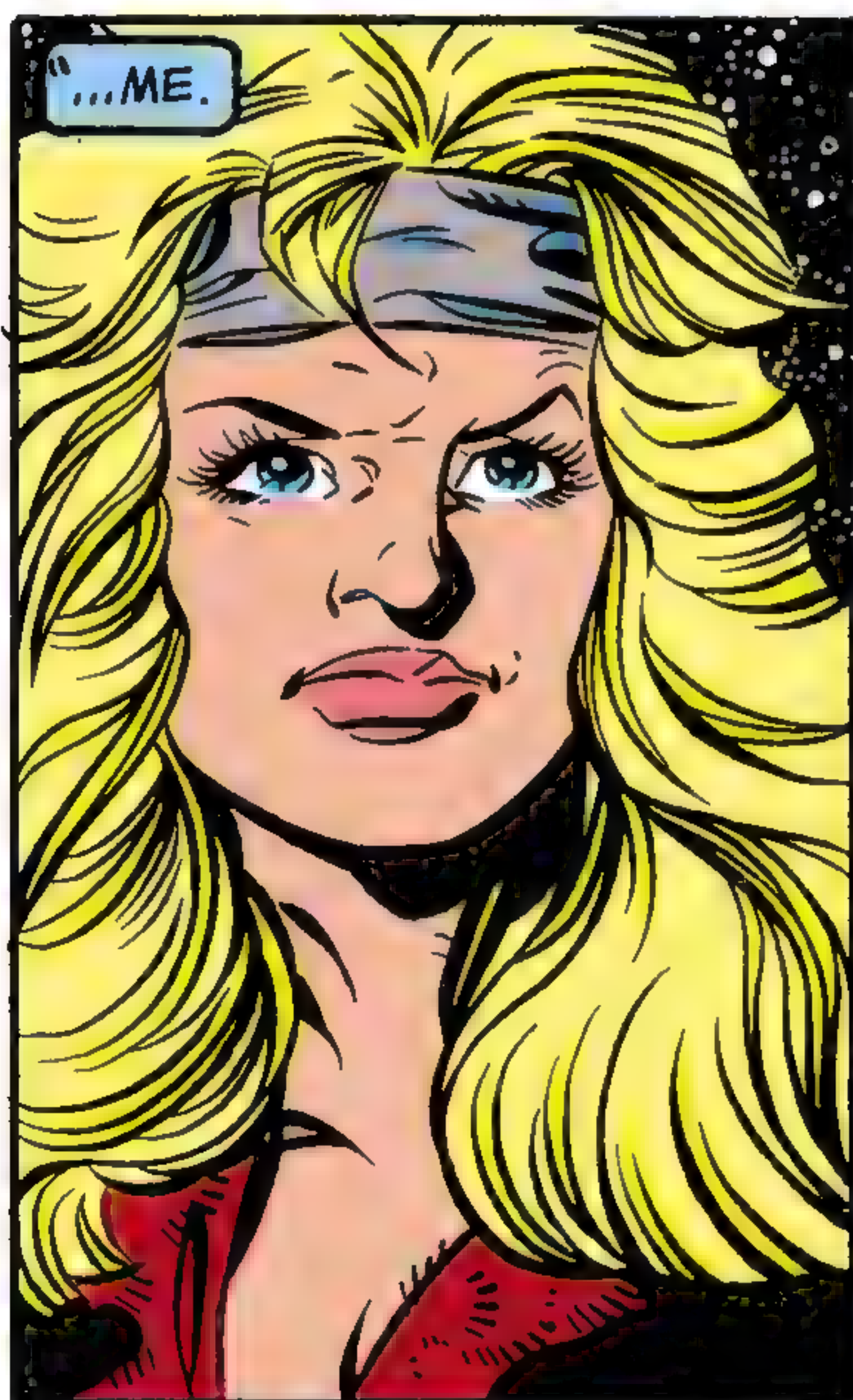
"NOW THIS..."

"...FIVE MORE OF MY OLD
TEAMMATES AT MORDRU'S
MERCY.

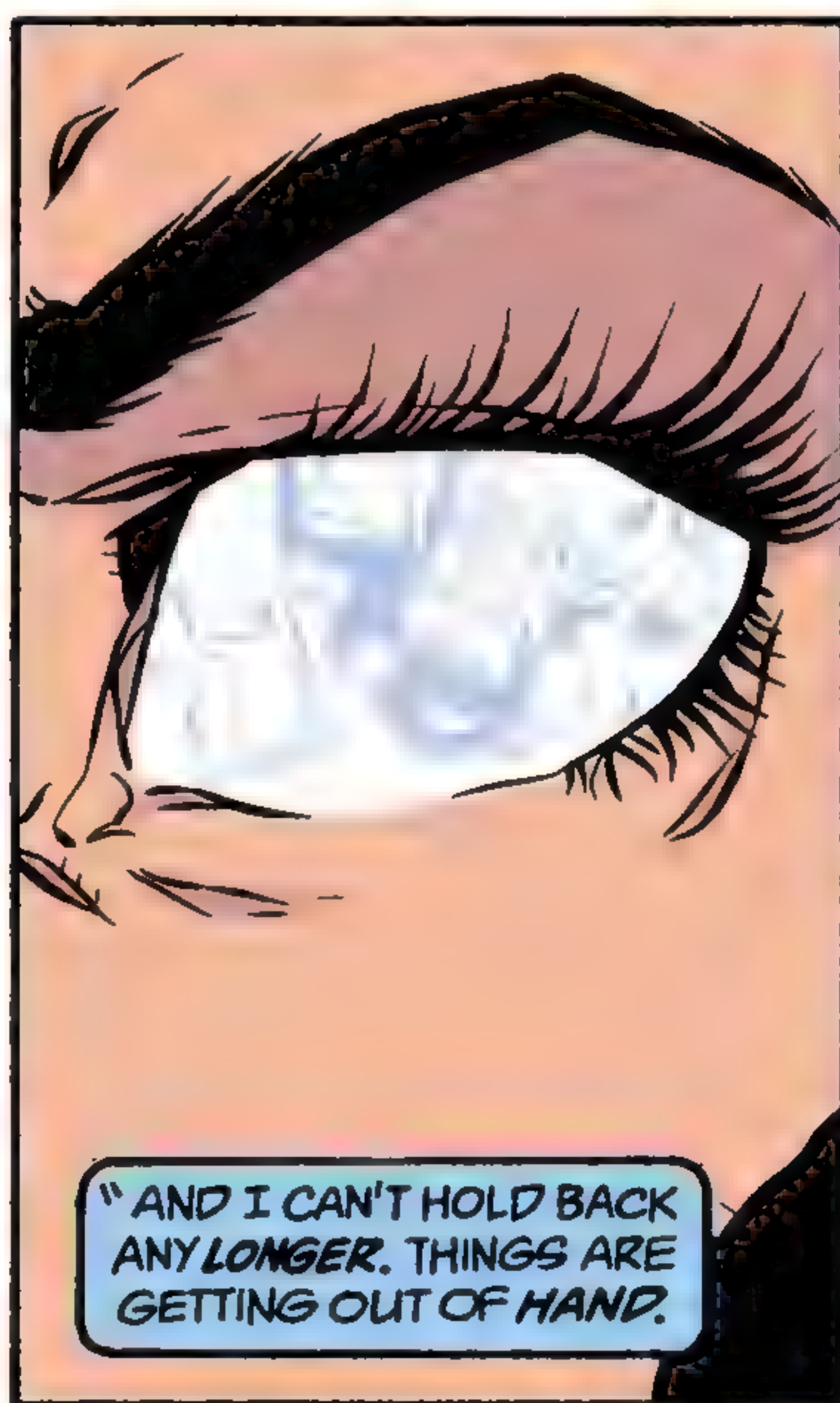


"IF MORDRU WASN'T HOLDING
ALL THE CARDS BEFORE, HE
SURE IS NOW--

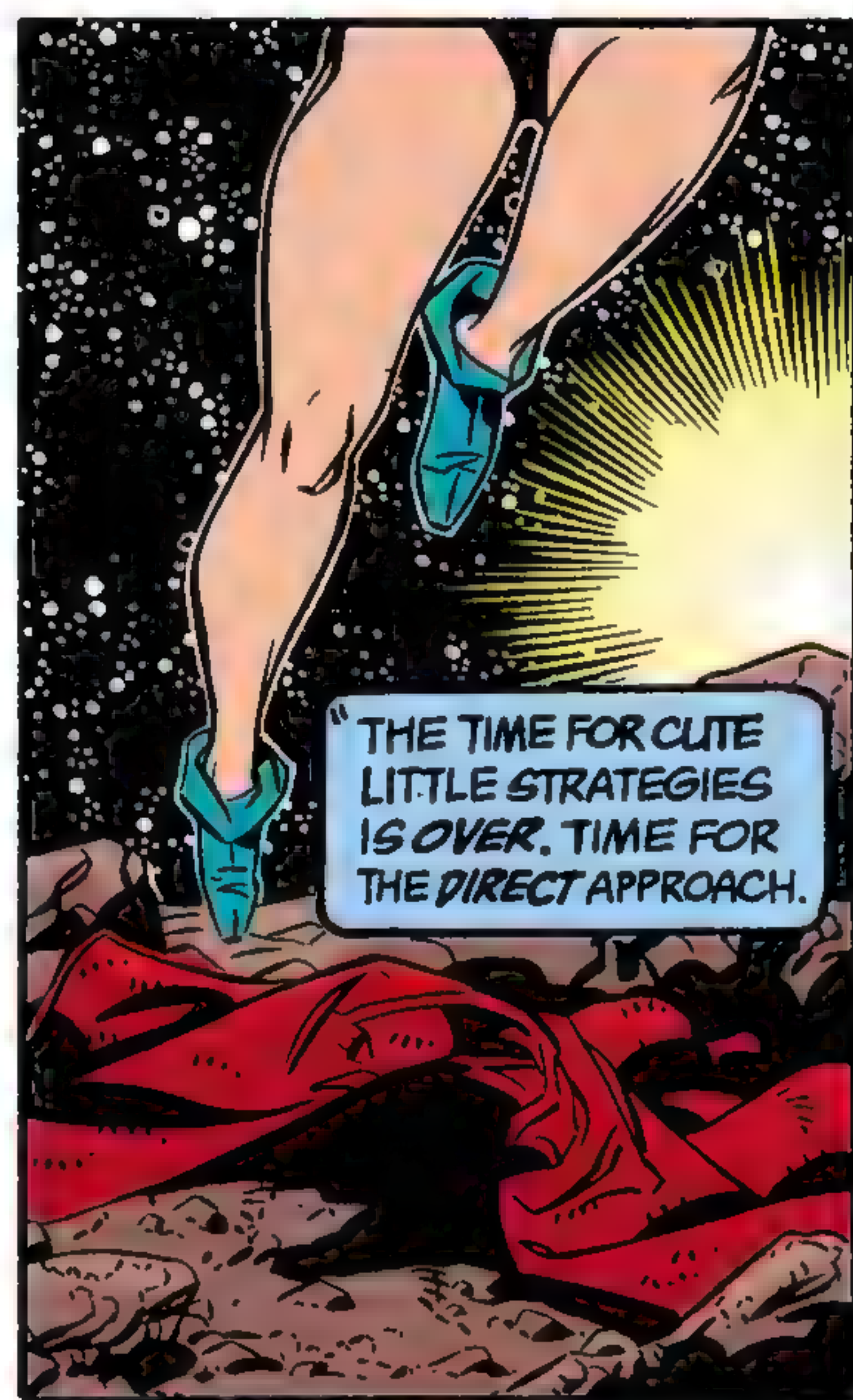
"--ALL EXCEPT ONE..."



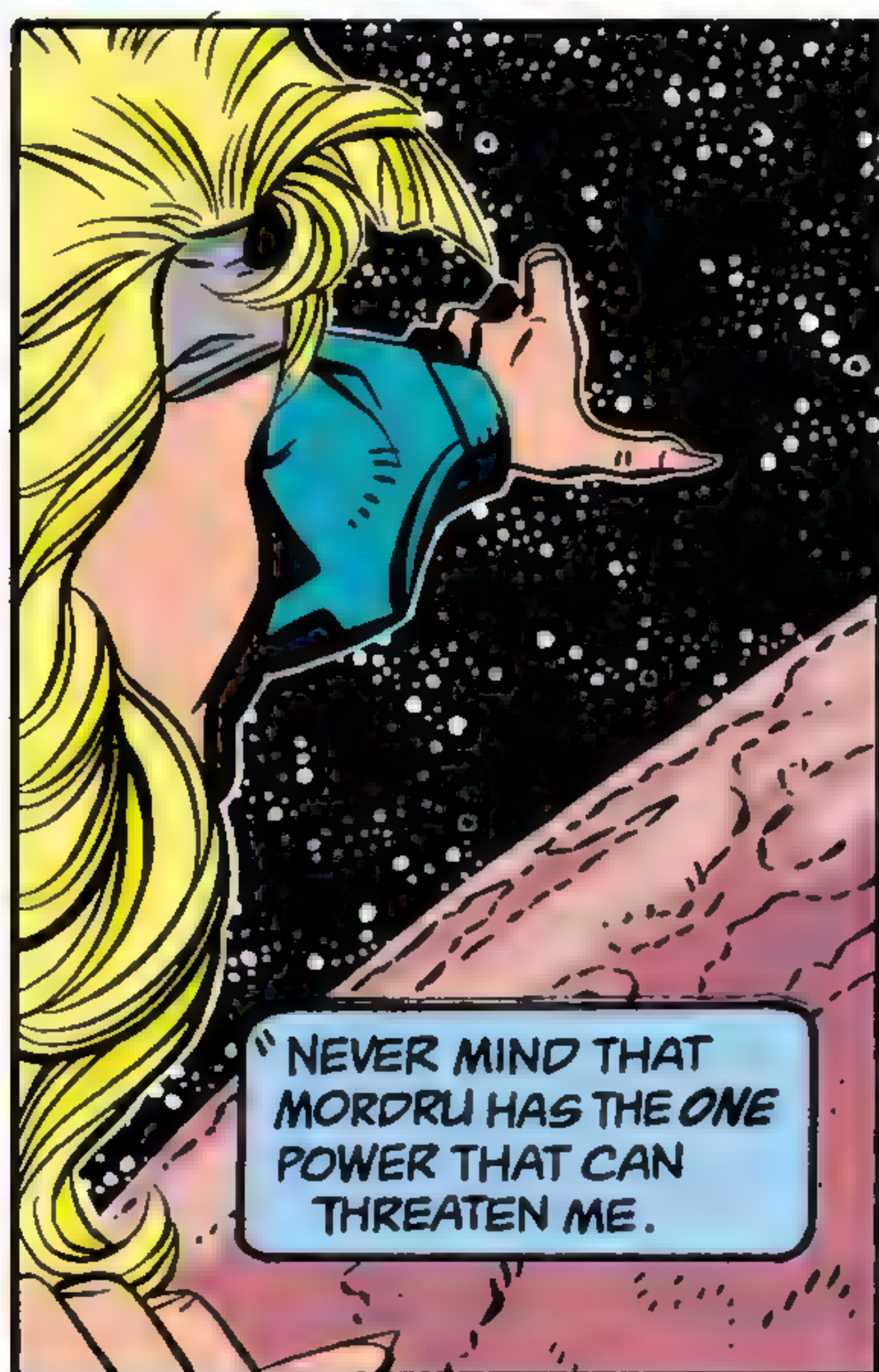
"...ME.



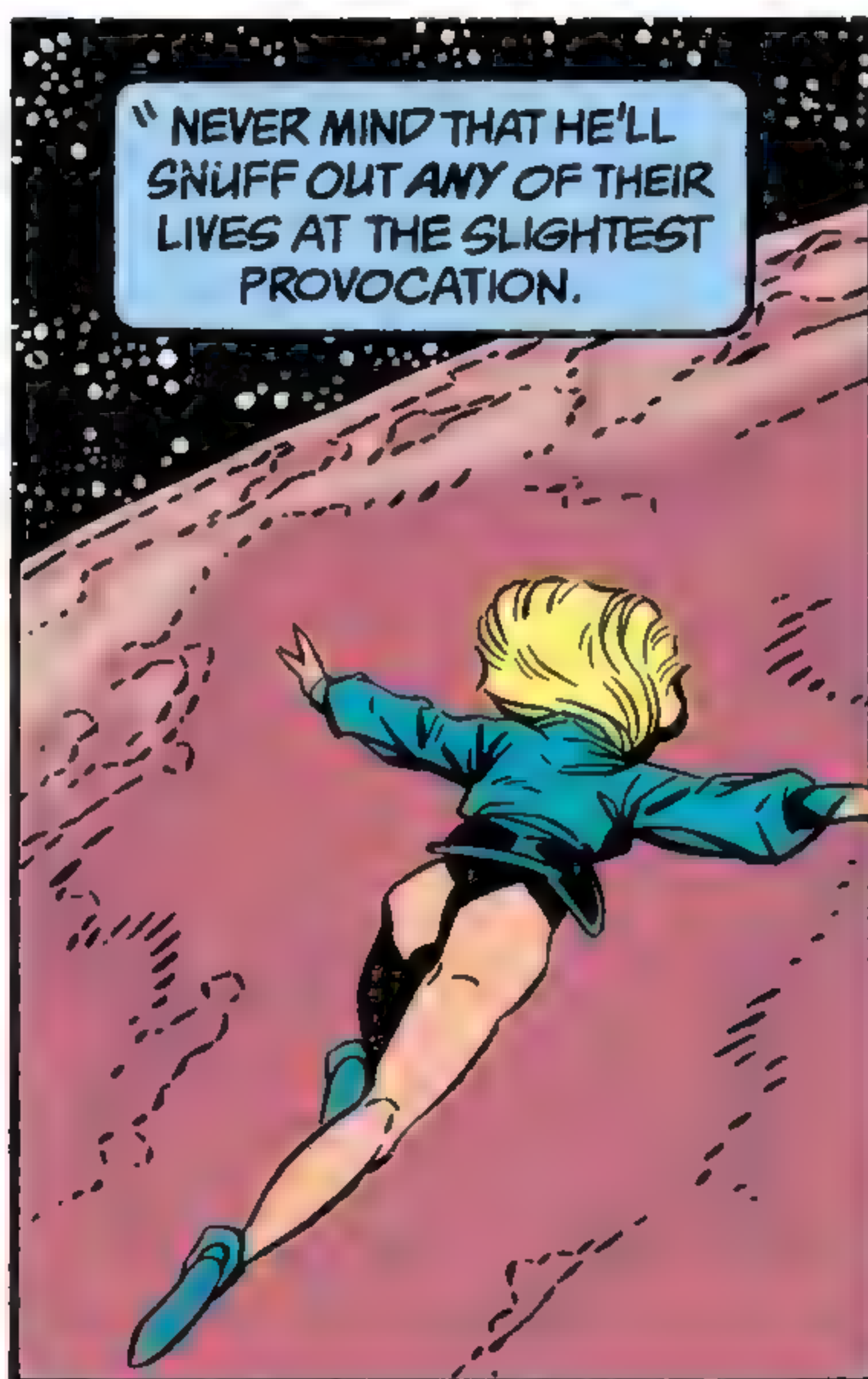
"AND I CAN'T HOLD BACK
ANY LONGER. THINGS ARE
GETTING OUT OF HAND.



"THE TIME FOR CUTE
LITTLE STRATEGIES
IS OVER. TIME FOR
THE DIRECT APPROACH.



"NEVER MIND THAT
MORDRU HAS THE ONE
POWER THAT CAN
THREATEN ME.

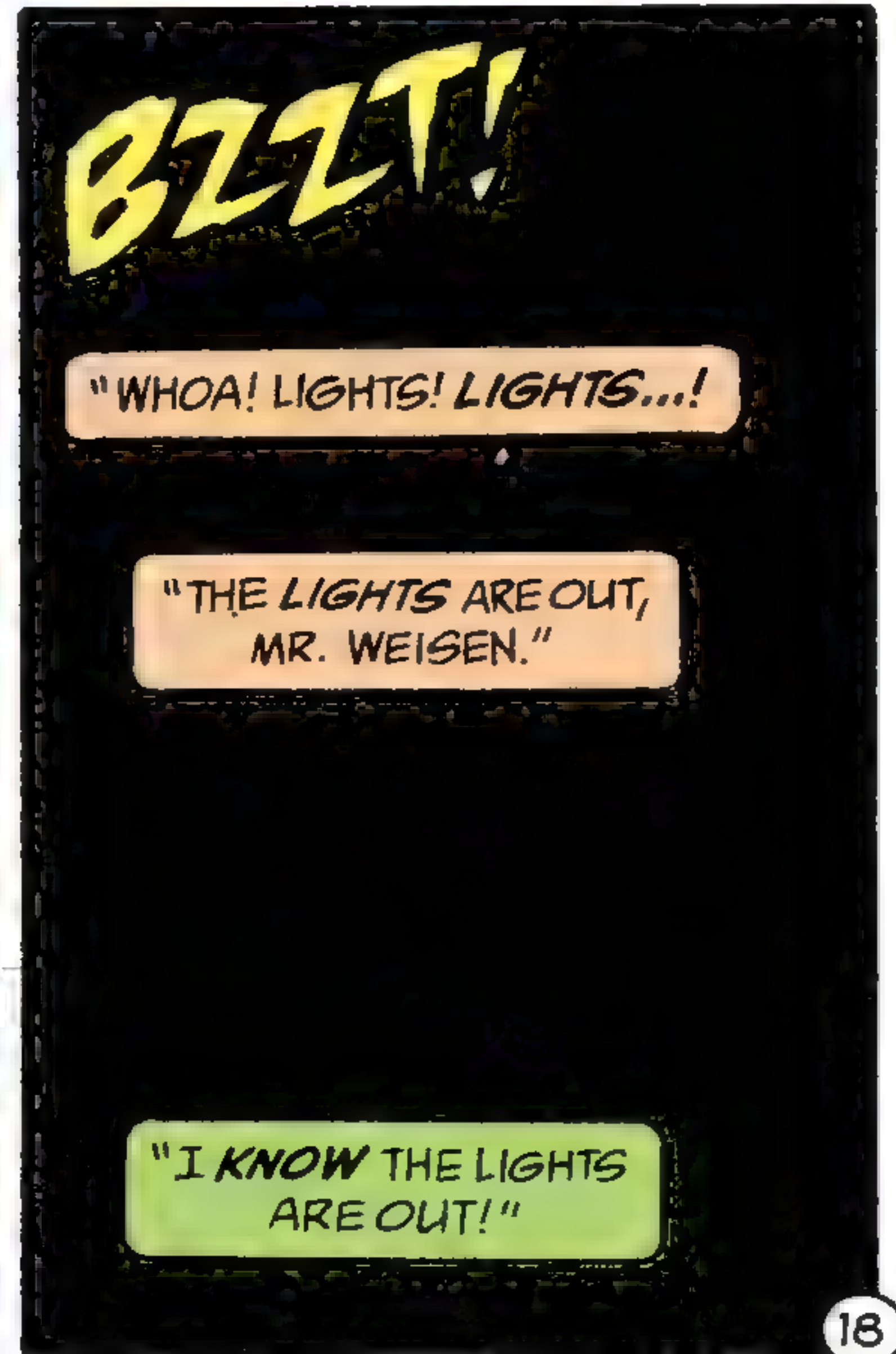
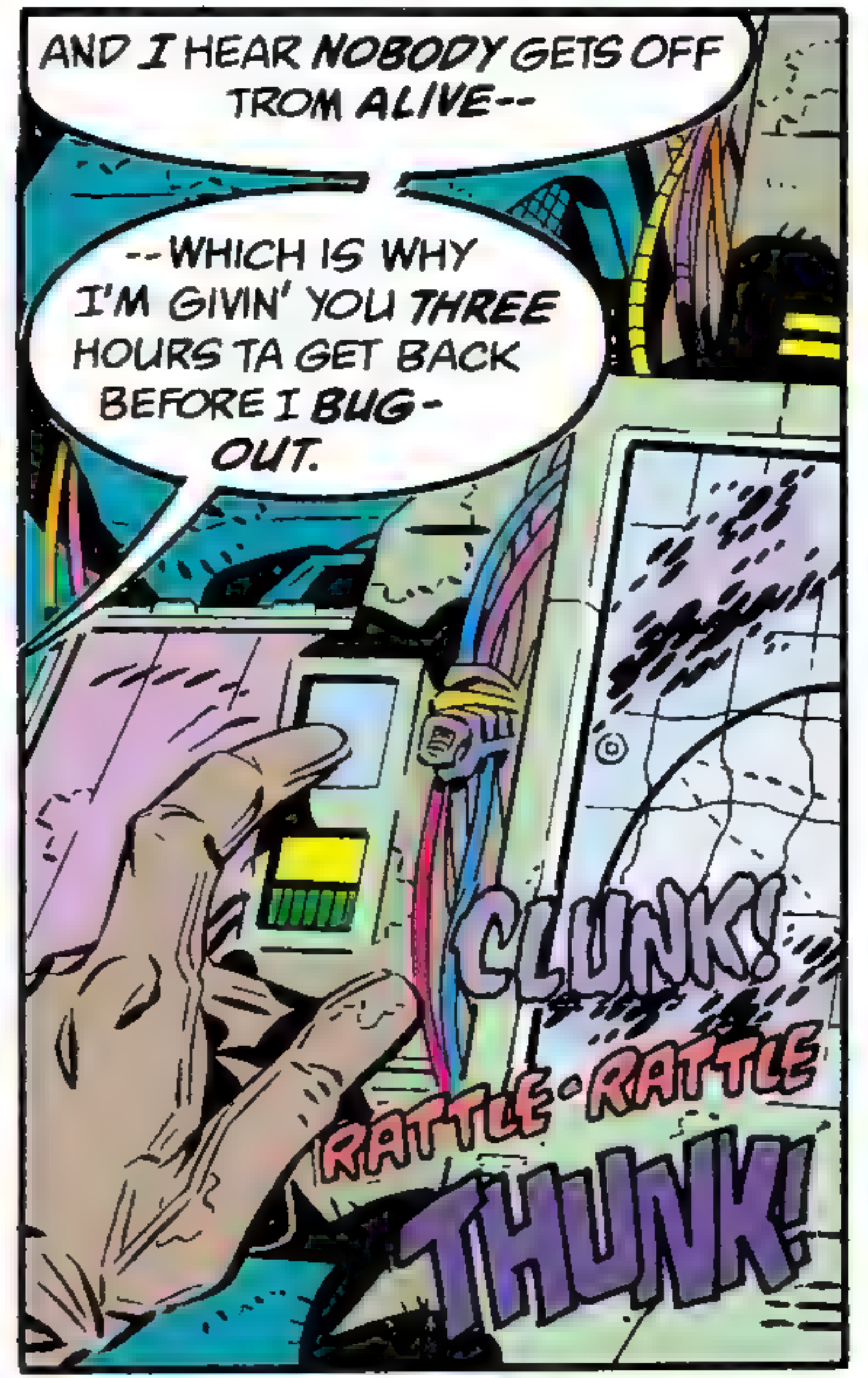
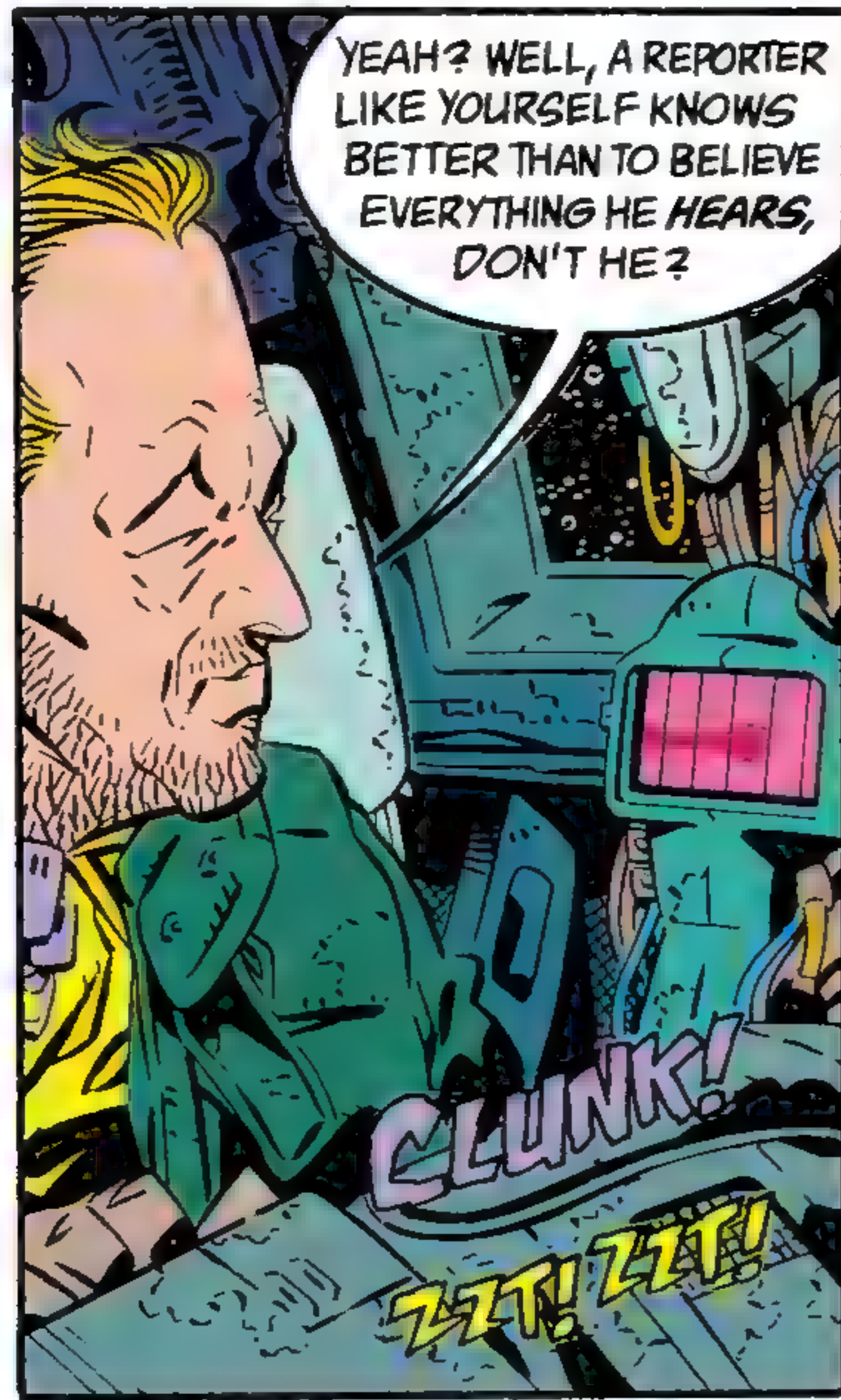
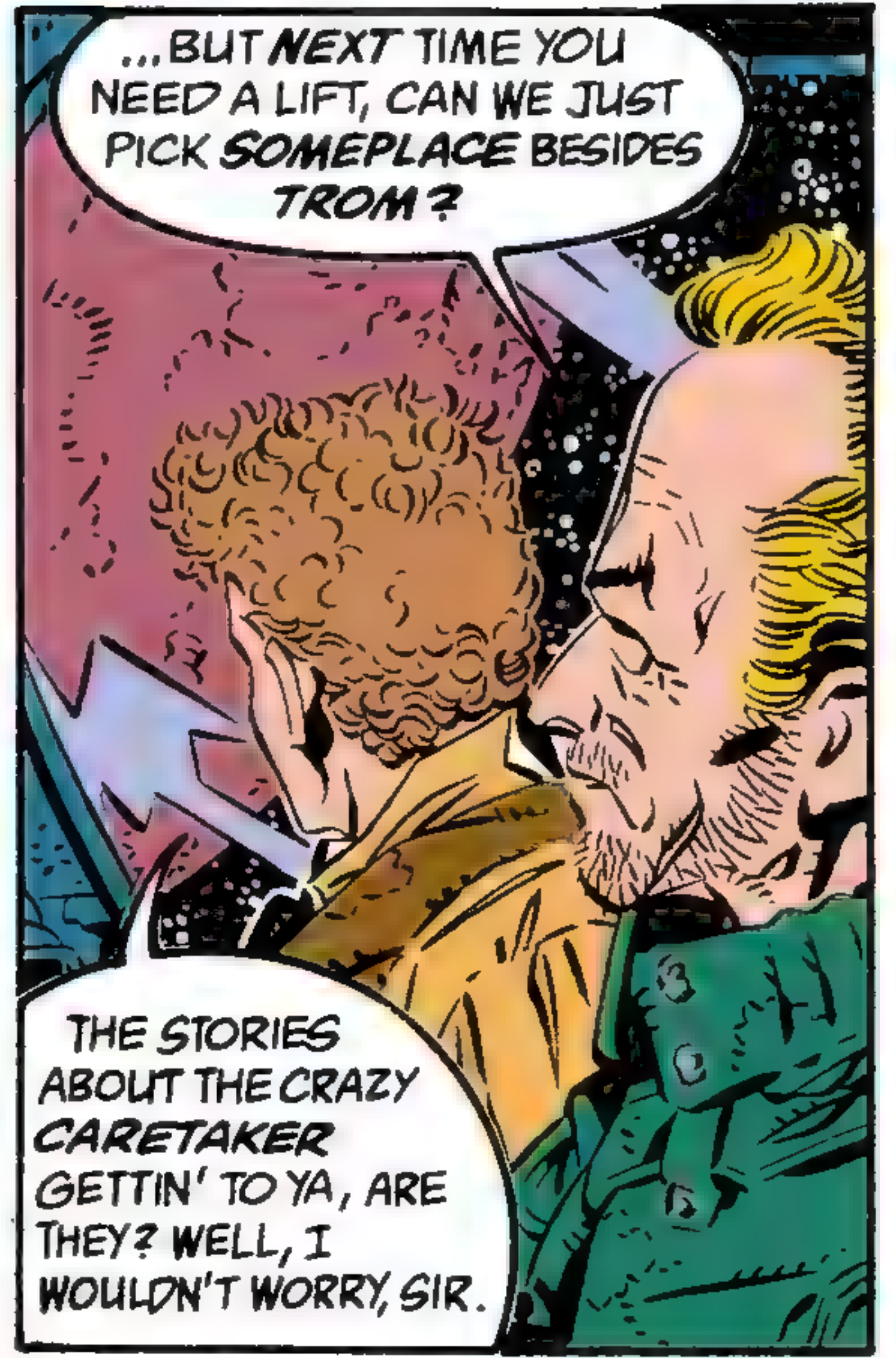


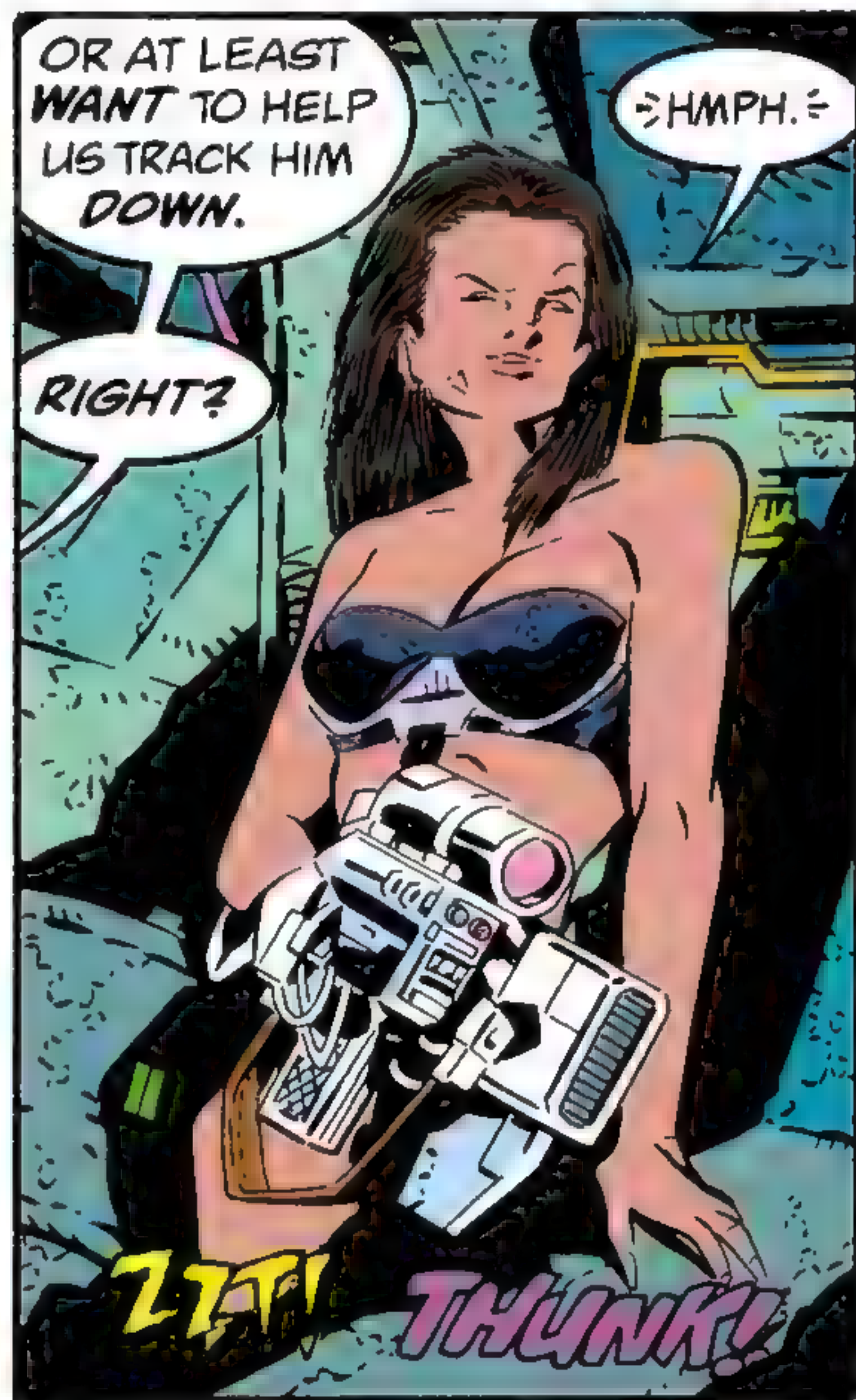
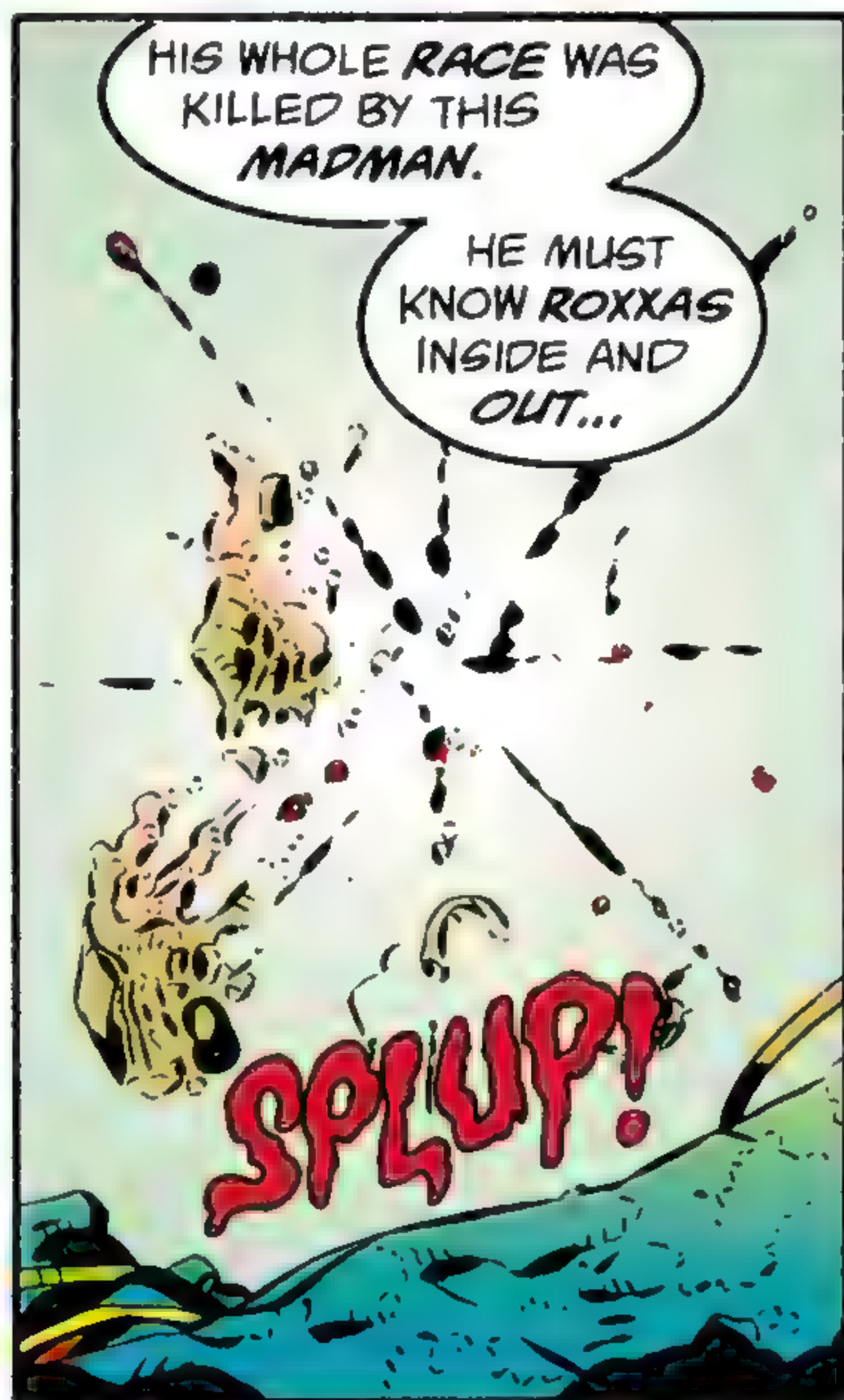
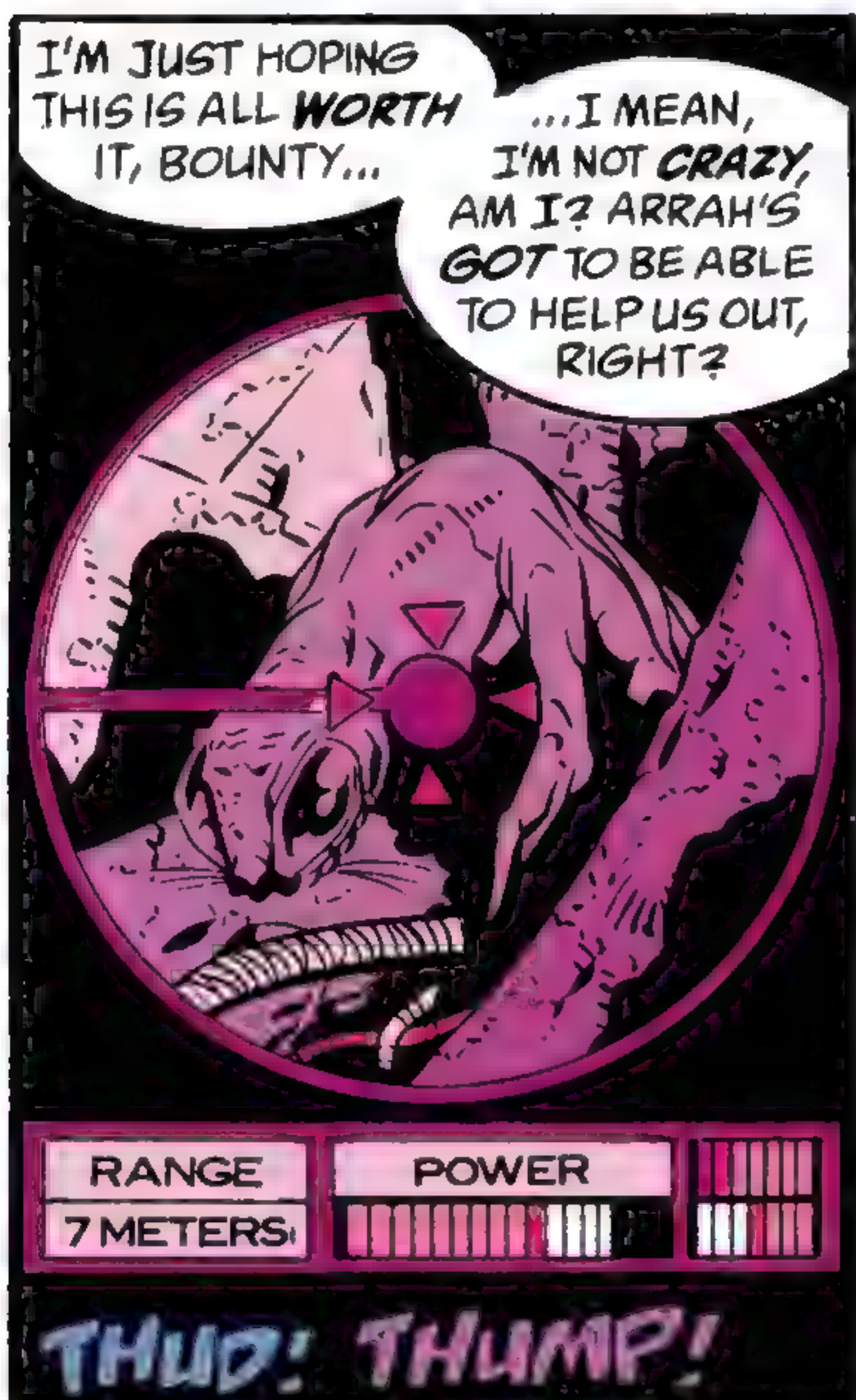
"NEVER MIND THAT HE'LL
SNUFF OUT ANY OF THEIR
LIVES AT THE SLIGHTEST
PROVOCATION.



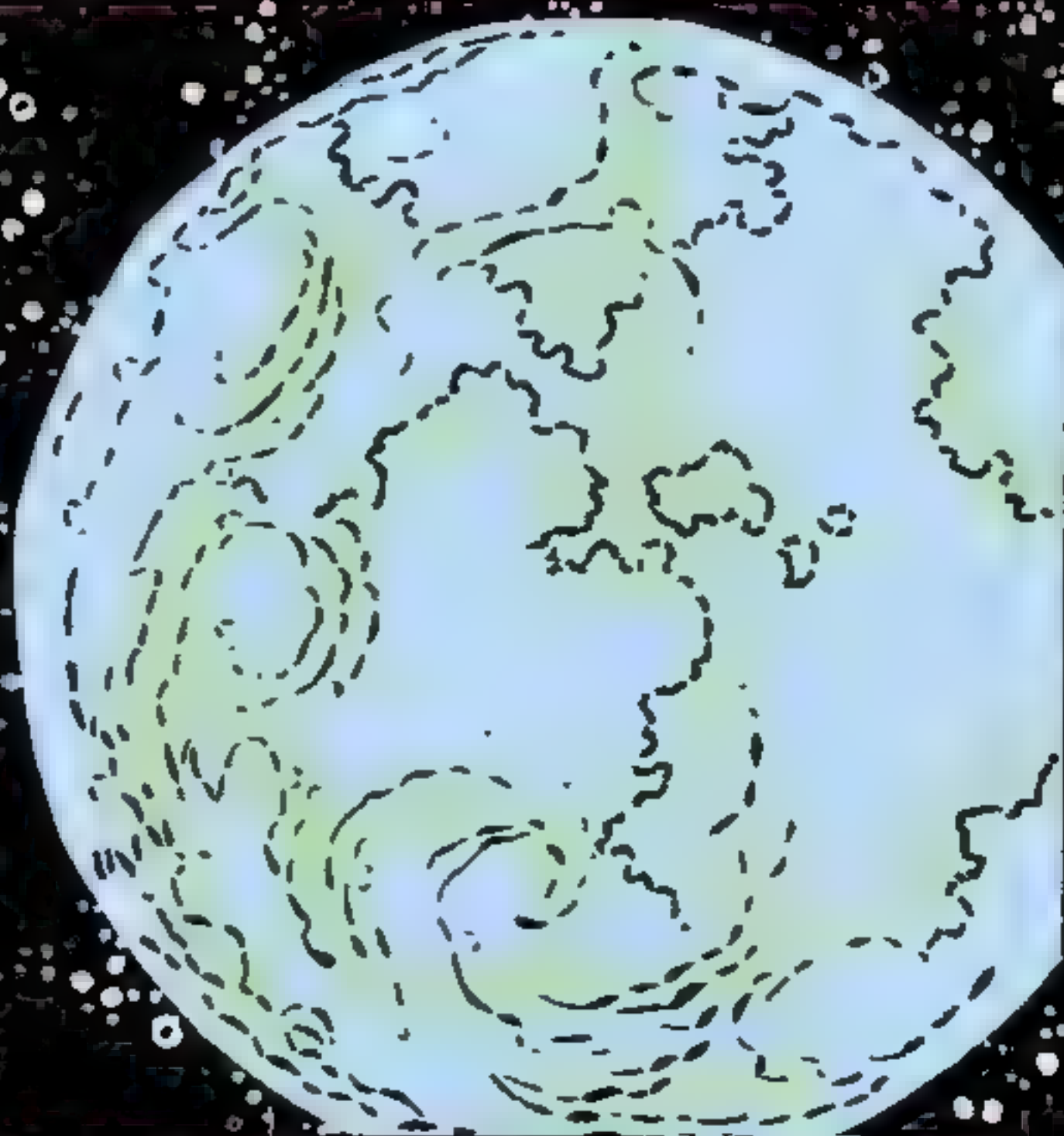
"LIKE IT OR NOT, IT'S
TIME TO ROLL THE DICE..."

"...AND PRAY
FOR SEVENS."



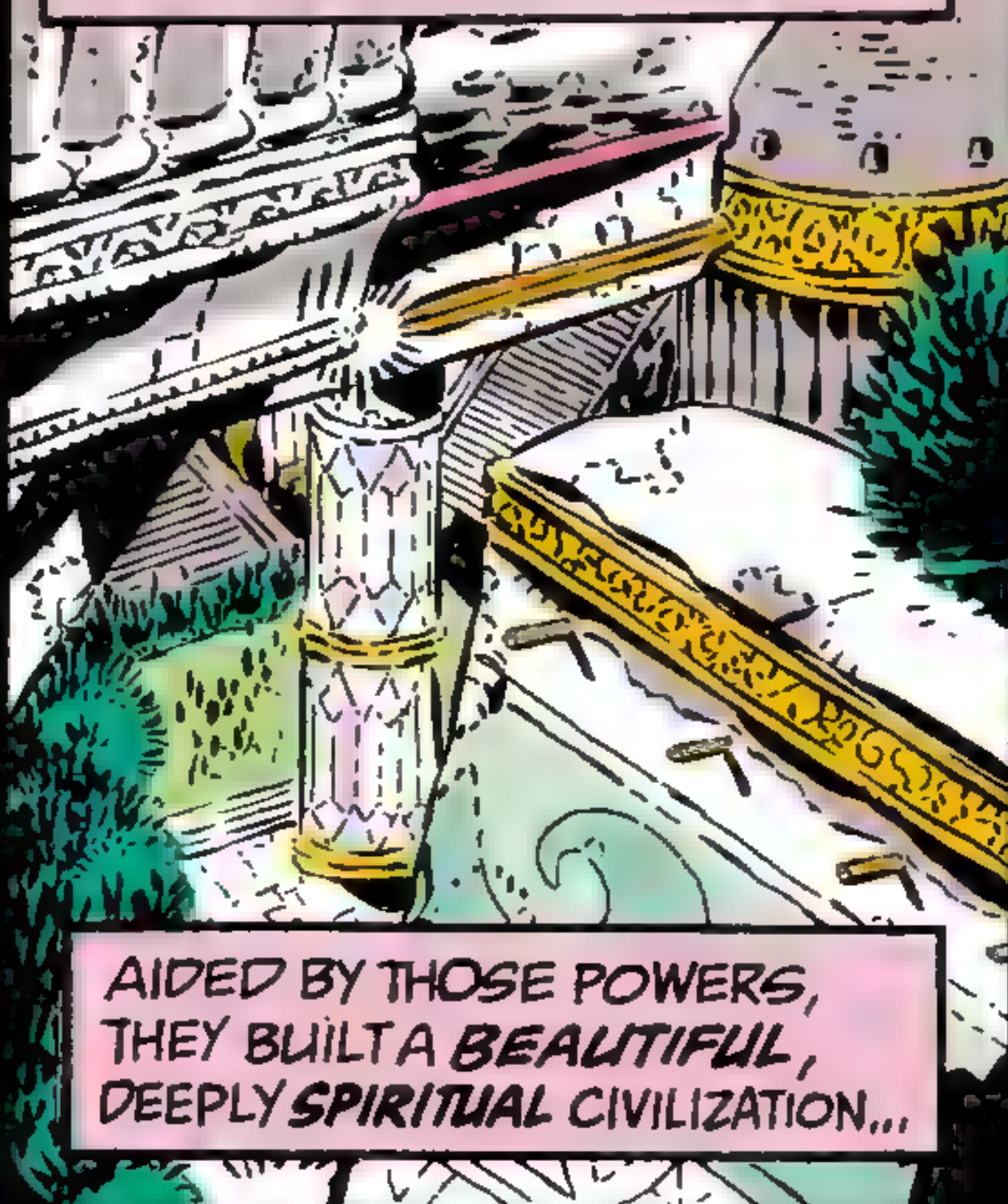


THE BEAUTIFUL *STAR-CROSSED* WORLD OF *TROM*.



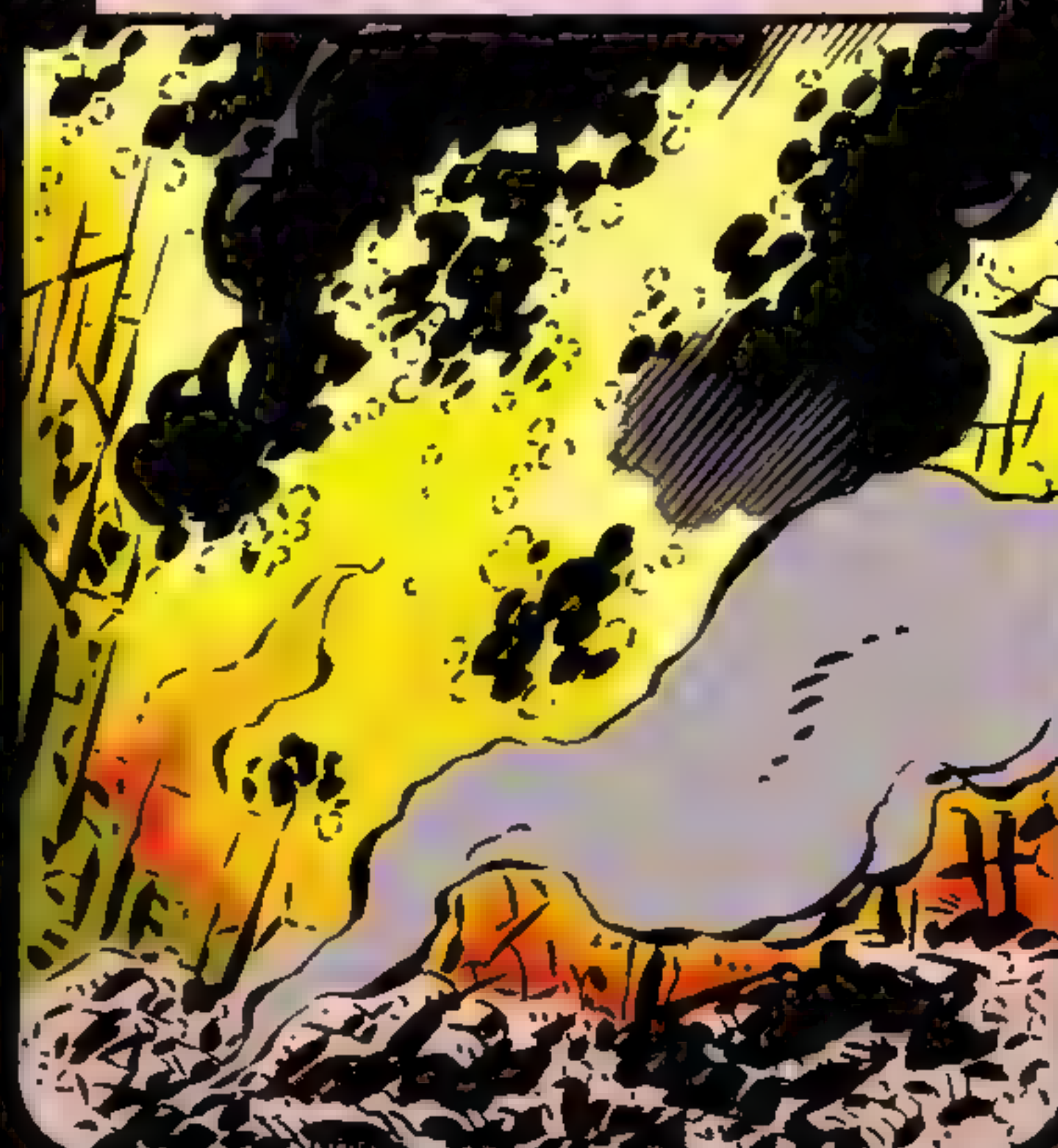
ONE OF THE *GANDIAN* WORLDS, *TROM* IS MARKED BY BELTS OF INHOSPITABLE *RADIATION*.

HEARTY SENTRY SETTLERS DISCOVERED *TROM*'S UNIQUE RADIATION WAS IMBUING THEM WITH THE POWER TO *TRANSMUTE* THE ELEMENTS.

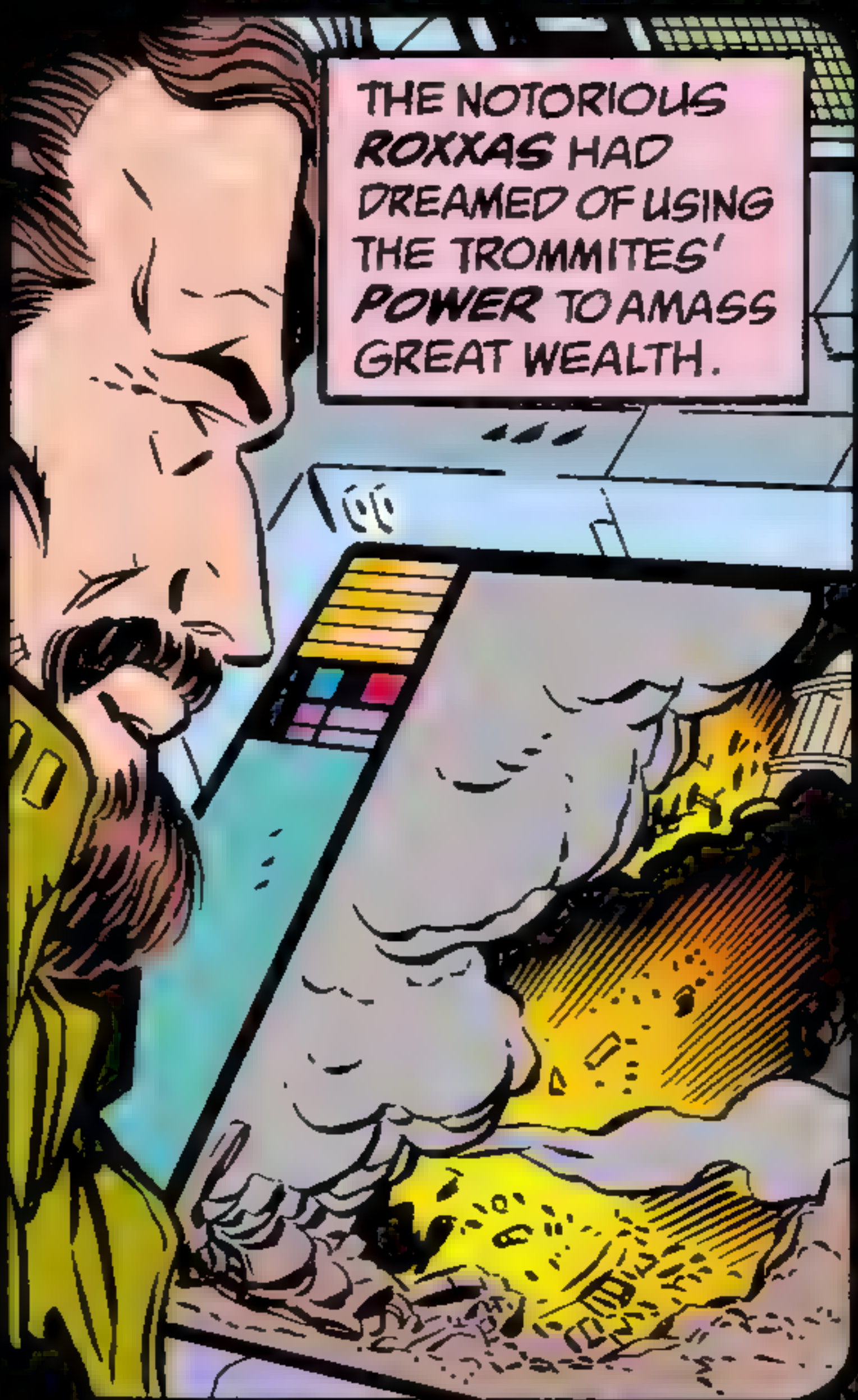


AIDED BY THOSE POWERS, THEY BUILT A *BEAUTIFUL*, DEEPLY *SPIRITUAL* CIVILIZATION...

...ONE THAT WAS QUICKLY-- SUDDENLY-- BROUGHT DOWN IN *RUINS* WHEN THE PEOPLE REFUSED TO SUBMIT TO A RUTHLESS BAND OF *SPACE PIRATES*.



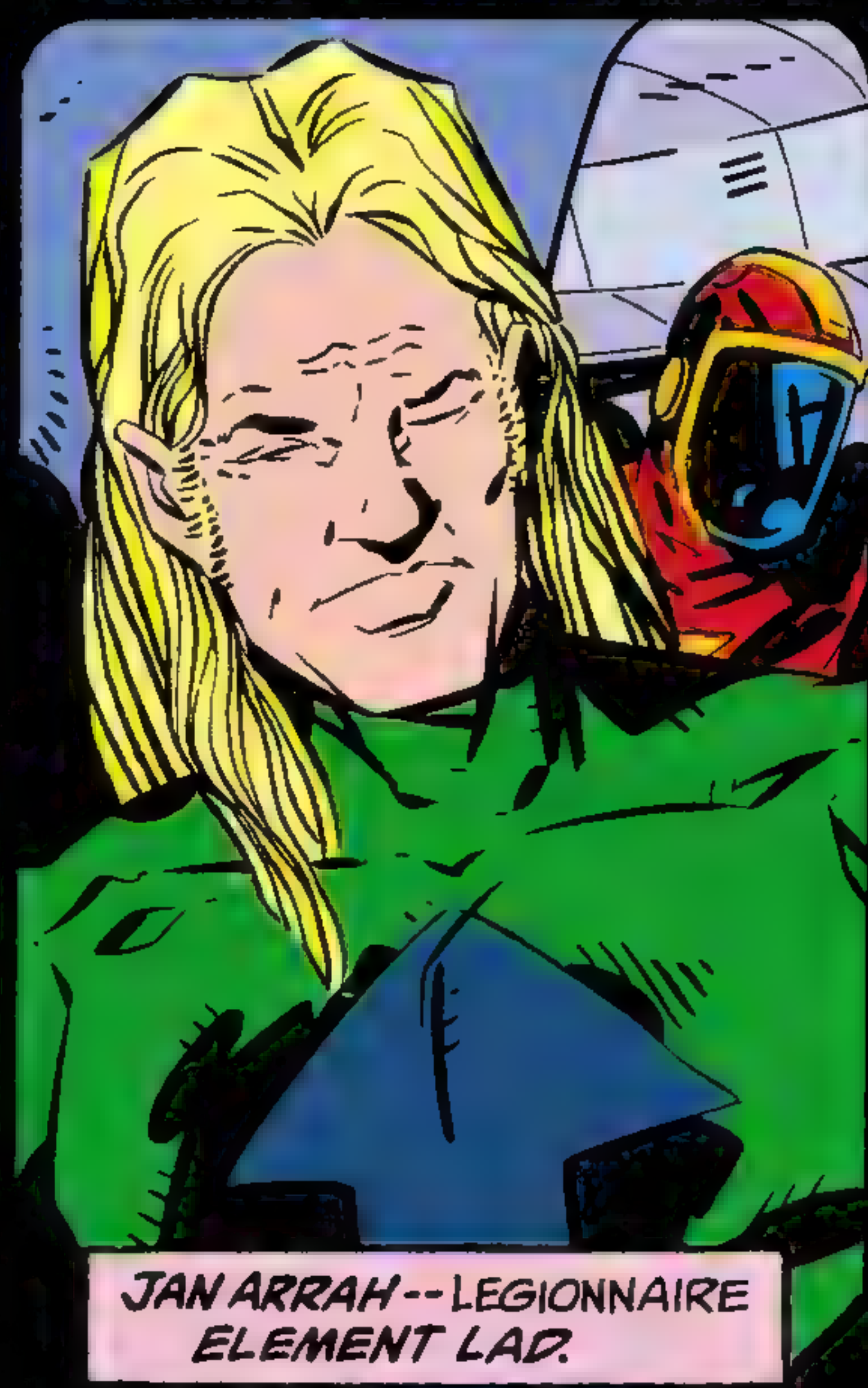
THE NOTORIOUS *ROXXAS* HAD DREAMED OF USING THE *TROMMITES'* POWER TO AMASS GREAT WEALTH.



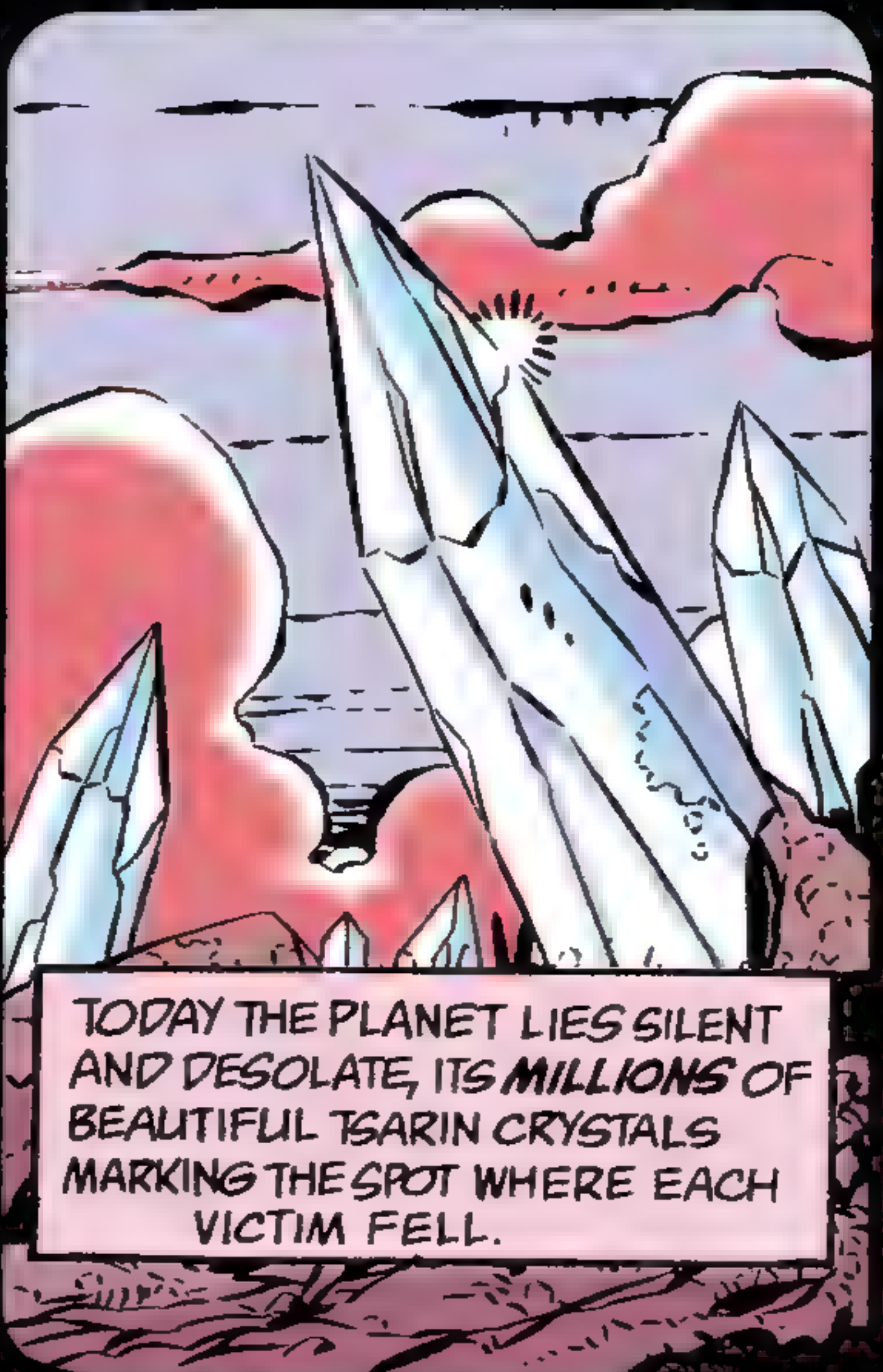
WHEN THEY *REFUSED*, HE *ANNIHILATED* THE RACE.



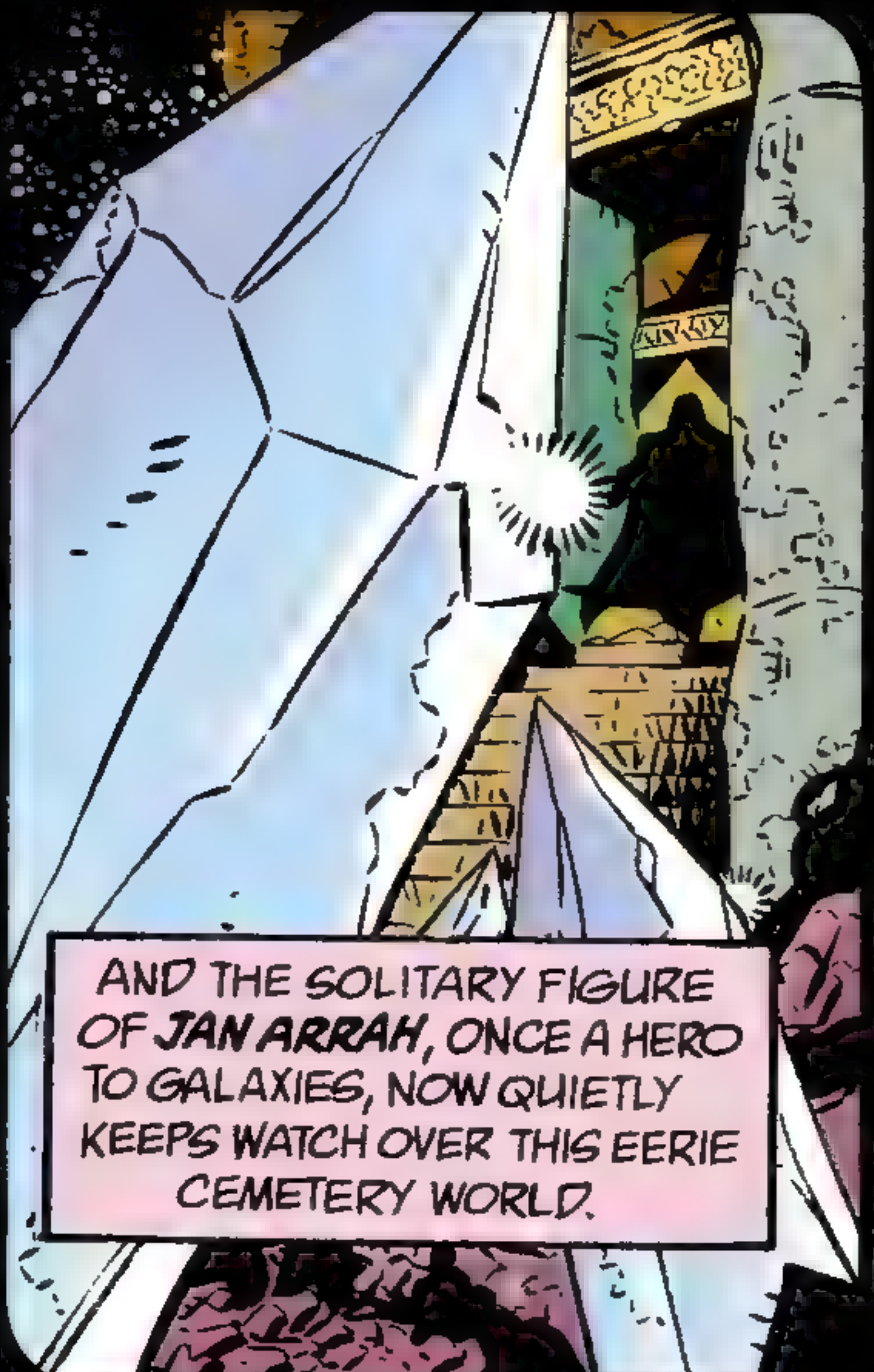
ONE *TROMMITE* SURVIVED THE MASSACRE:



JAN ARRAH--LEGIONNAIRE ELEMENT LAD.

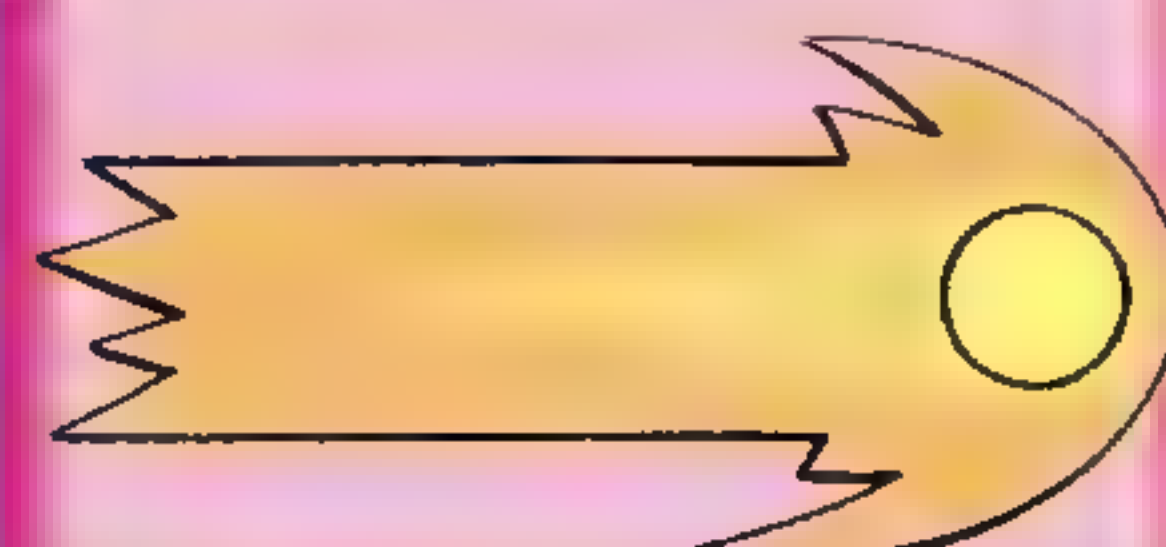


TODAY THE PLANET LIES SILENT AND DESOLATE, ITS *MILLIONS* OF BEAUTIFUL *TSARIN* CRYSTALS MARKING THE SPOT WHERE EACH VICTIM FELL.



AND THE SOLITARY FIGURE OF *JAN ARRAH*, ONCE A HERO TO GALAXIES, NOW QUIETLY KEEPS WATCH OVER THIS *EERIE* CEMETERY WORLD.

**END TAPE
ANOTHER
U.P. MINUTE
HISTORY_{CB}**





THAT'S ALL IT SAYS?

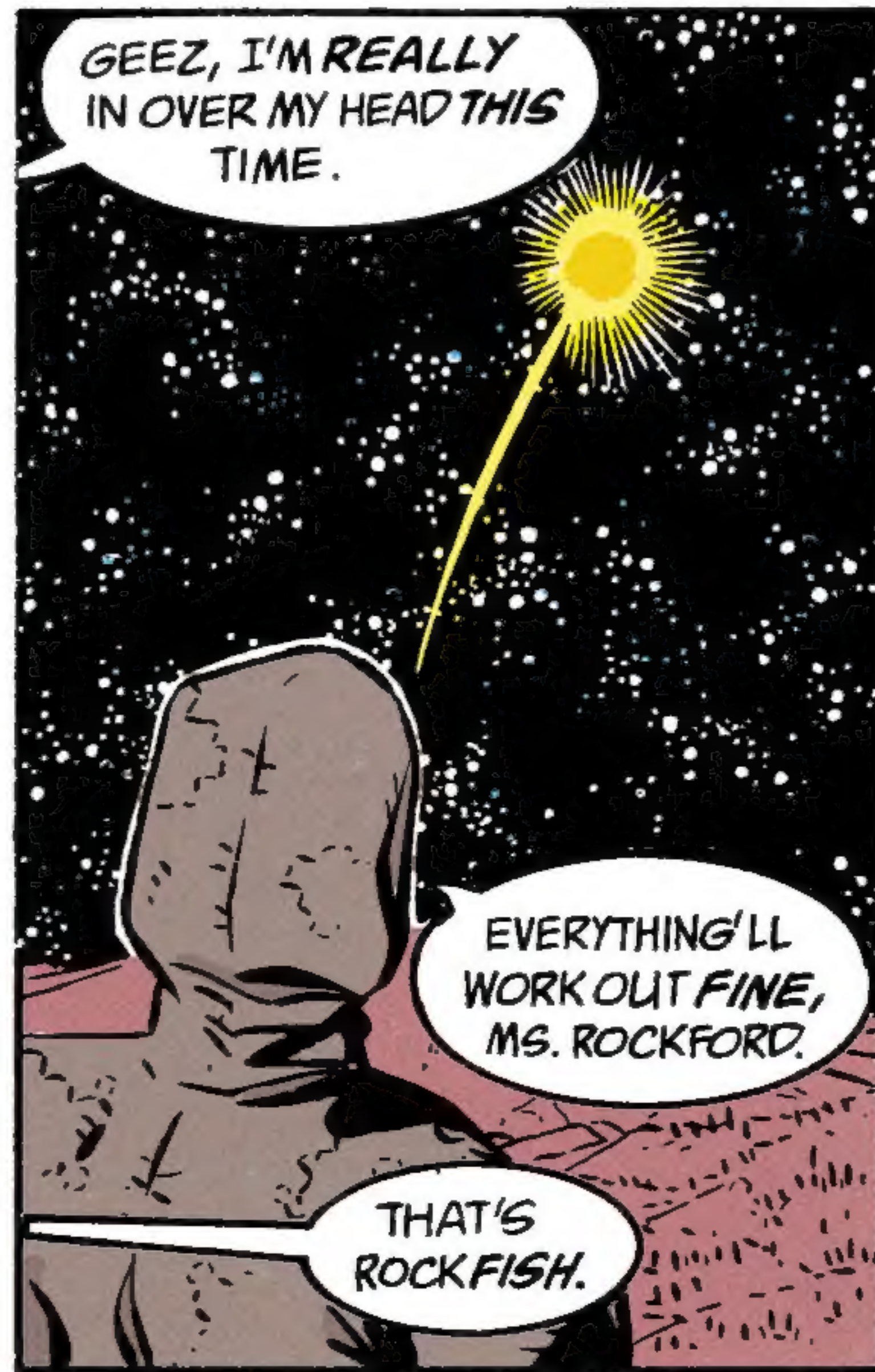
I PAID 30 CREDITS FOR THAT?!



WHY DO I LISTEN TO THOSE CON ARTISTS?!

SLOW LEARNER.

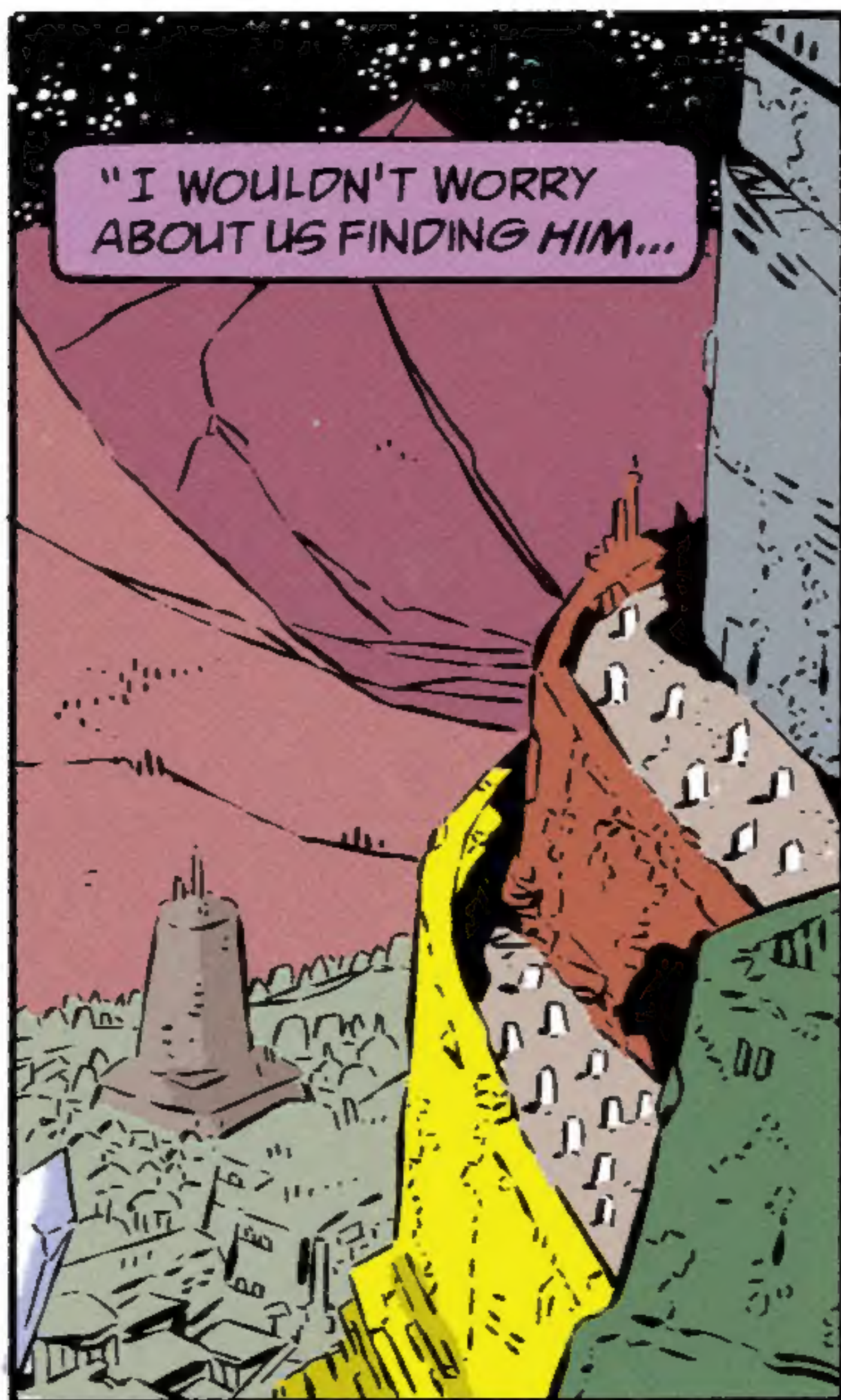
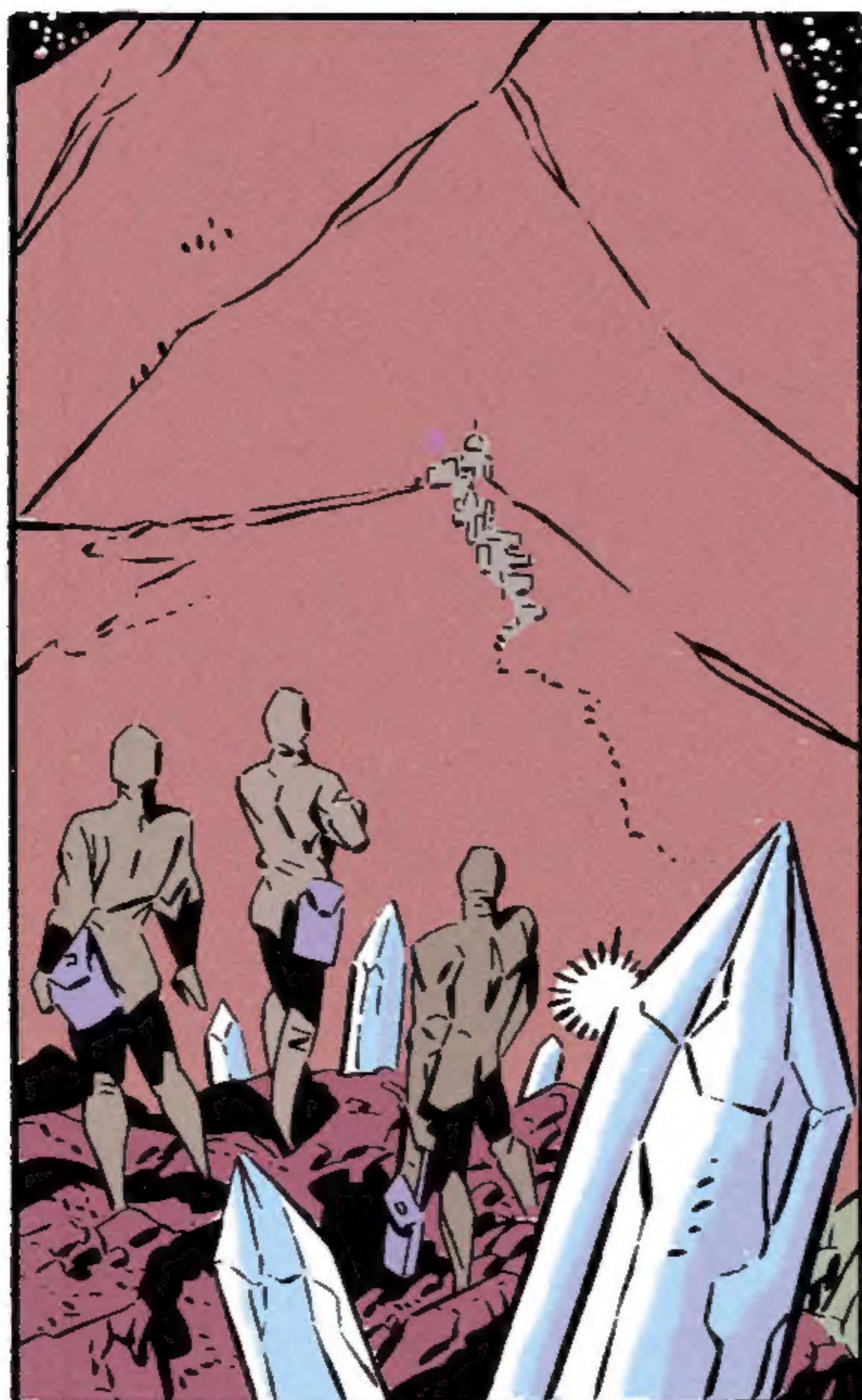
AND NOW HERE WE ARE, CLOMPING AROUND IN HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD TRANSSUITS, WITH NO IDEA WHAT WE'RE DOING...



GEEZ, I'M REALLY IN OVER MY HEAD THIS TIME.

EVERYTHING'LL WORK OUT FINE, MS. ROCKFORD.

THAT'S ROCKFISH.



"I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT US FINDING HIM..."



"...I'D WORRY ABOUT HIM FINDING US."

"BOUNTY, I WISH YOU'D STOP TALKING LIKE THAT."



SAINTS ABOVE, THESE CRYSTALS ARE BEAUTIFUL!

DO YA REALIZE WHAT EACH A THESE IS WORTH?



DEVLIN--DON'T TOUCH IT!

HUH? WHAT'S WRONG?

HE'LL VAPORIZE US ALL!



SO NOW I'M VAPORIZING TRESPASSERS, AM I?

JAN ARRAH!

SORRY TO SNEAK
UP ON YOU FOLKS, BUT
MOST OF MY VISITORS
ARE LOOKING TO
SCAVENGE, YOU
KNOW.

GO AHEAD AND
TOUCH THE MONUMENTS,
IF YOU LIKE. JUST DON'T
TAKE ANY. I'M A LITTLE
SENSITIVE ABOUT RESPECT
FOR THE DEAD...

...ON TROM,
THAT'S ALL WE HAVE
LEFT.

KEITH GIFFEN
STORY & PENCILS
TOM & MARY
BIERBAUM
STORY ASSIST.
& DIALOGUE
AL GORDON
STORY ASSIST.
& INKS
TODD KLEIN
LETTERER
TOM McCRAW
COLORIST
MICHAEL EURY
MARK WAID
EDITORS



The Great Acquiescence: How Mordru Returned To Power On The Sorcerers' World History In The Making. UP-V Channel Two January 17, 1993, 7-8 p.m.



era of tranquility during the mid-30th century was shattered when Mordru rose to power and built the Sorcerers' World into a military colossus.

His powers were growing at an alarming rate, and when he launched his invasion of neighboring worlds, the battles were woefully lopsided. Mordru was at long last building the empire he'd craved for a millennium.

As each planet fell, the mighty wizard's power seemed to increase, until an ultimate triumph over the entire U.P. seemed inevitable.

Dr. Wald Bauer, History, Ashland University

"And then—nobody seems to know exactly why—Mordru's great march slowed. Previously, his powers had seemed utterly limitless, unquantifiable, and there was certainly no logical reason to rein in his blitzkrieg at that point. But suddenly things went quiet on the frontlines, and when Mordru resumed his campaign, it was more strategic, more cautious—as if somehow, mysteriously, the great wizard had become mortal."

His powers now seemingly reduced, Mordru chose his battles more carefully. And yet still he overextended himself and rashly attacked Earth. There he directly confronted the Legion of Super-Heroes for the first time.

After a quick, fierce battle, Mordru's armies were obliterated and the wizard himself was finally captured and sealed in an airless vault by Lar Gand and Star Boy.

Bauer:

"That wasn't the end of him. He escaped several times in the next decade, and caused tremendous havoc. People forget that it was he who engineered the Earthwar."

"But really, it'd all ended with those first defeats. With each successive defeat, Mordru's powers faded and faded. Finally he was beaten utterly and actually purged of his powers and his insane ambitions."

The story might have ended there, if not for the Mystic Wars and the subsequent collapse of the U.P. economy. Their home world annihilated and their powers decimated, the Sorcerers' Community relocated to Tharn and braced themselves for whatever the universe might throw at them.

Unfortunately, what the universe threw at that sector of space was the Khunds. So, with the tyranny and atrocities of his previous rule still deeply etched in their scarred memories, the Sorcerers' Community pinned all their hopes on the wizard who had once ruled them as an utter despot.

Coronation Day, Planet Tharn, July 6, 2992.

High Priestess:

"... And with the powers of the ancients vested in me, I hereby name thee Supreme Teacher of the Sorcerers' World and bearer of the Robes Of All Power."

Mordru:

"... No longer will this great community tremble in the shadow of the Khund menace. Chaos no more. Hysteria no more. Let an age of tranquility begin."

Earthgov Council Minutes, July 7, 2992

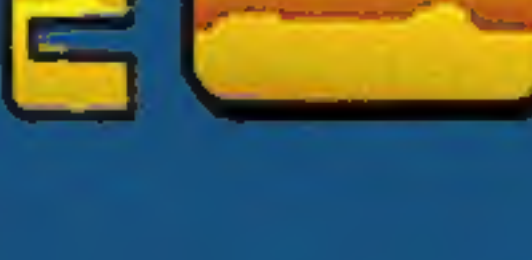
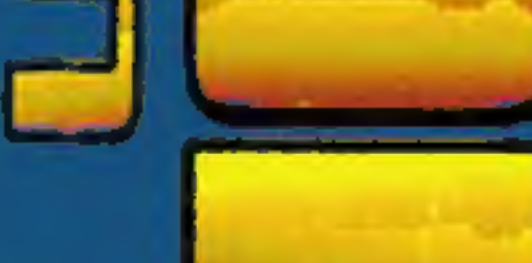
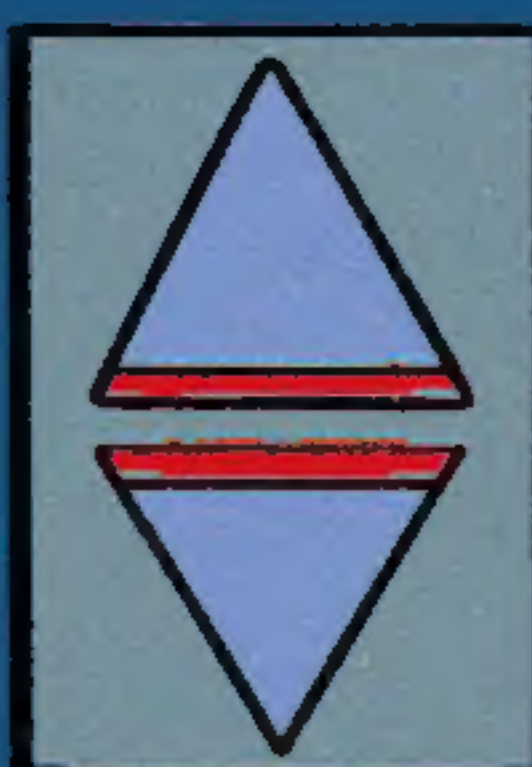
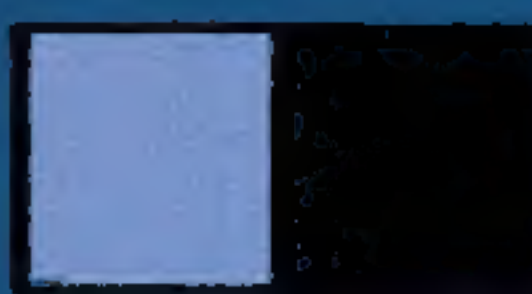
Sen. Alturny Ansky:

"... Madame President, I move that this body act immediately and forcefully to declare our outrage at the actions of the Council Of Teachers Of The Planet Tharn."

Dr. Aî-Zhay Draveed, Mystic Studies, University of Metropolis:

"We're talking about a group that was psychically battered by the destruction of their homeworld and the ravaging of their collective powers during the Mystic Wars. We're talking about a proud people, who'd previously felt invulnerable to outside threats, now desperately fearful of Khundish domination and the horrors that could bring."

"But we're not talking about a suicidal people. It's critical to remember that they'd attempted to purge Mordru's soul of its darker aspects, and thought they'd succeeded. He was by this time a benevolent, placid member of the community. His powers were almost gone, he had fallen in love with Mysa. There was reason to hope the evil in him had been forever snuffed out. They knew the corrupting nature of the powers they were returning to him."



The Last Days Of Daxam

By K.J. Weber

Excerpt: Pages 232-34



and at last report was battling against the Khundish invasions of U.P. space.

Daxam's greatest hero of the 20th and 30th centuries, **Lar Gand**, had initially looked to be one of the most tragic victims of the great atrocity.

He and Glorith had been blood enemies since the days of Gand's legendary exploits in the 20th century, and her callous act of genocide apparently affected the Legionnaire profoundly.

His teammates say he was a driving force behind the conspiracy that led to the cataclysmic battle with Glorith. And the depth of his rage probably contributed to the rash direct attack on Glorith that very nearly cost Gand his life.

Exactly how he survived the injuries is still somewhat of a puzzle. Glorith's counter-attack left the legendary hero in a ghastly condition—virtually a living corpse, aged beyond recognition.

Still, Gand cheated fate and confounded medicine by recovering fully. Experts eventually deduced that his Daxamite invulnerability sparked a regeneration of the withered tissue and his body literally de-aged. Dr. Raub Woker, Chief of Medicine on Medicus Two, has termed it "the most astounding example ever documented of the recuperative qualities of the Daxamite solar powers."

But few disagree that survival would not have been possible if not for two factors:

- The constant, unwavering support of Tasmia Mallor. Her insistent, forceful demands for medical attention of an unprecedented magnitude won her few friends in the medical community, but may have proven critical to Gand's survival. Probably more important, though, was the powerful emotional support she gave Gand throughout the ordeal. Doctors believe that support is a key reason why Gand's character and determination never wavered, despite the physical devastation he'd suffered.

- The dislodging, during Glorith's attack, of the previously unknown presence of the Eltro Gand psyche in Lar Gand's personality. Psychological experts now agree the invasion of the Eltro Gand persona was largely responsible for Lar Gand's celebrated manic-depressive behavior through the '80s.

Experts still don't fully understand the Eltro Gand factor, but all seem to agree that the shock of Glorith's attack on Lar Gand finally separated the two personalities and allowed the formidable strength of the legendary Lar Gand personality to emerge.

By all accounts the Legionnaires were seeing, for the first time since the early '80s, the quiet strength that had marked the hero since his emergence from his thousand-year exile in the Bgztl Buffer Zone.

A popular element of the Lar Gand legend had been his emergence from the zone as a changed, yet equally heroic figure. Lost perhaps was an exuberance and vigor associated with his classic exploits of a thousand years earlier. But they were replaced by a quiet nobility that brought him an exceptional patience, judgment and wisdom.

The legend, however, was being significantly tarnished as the depressions and fits increased through the '80s. Gand was being championed by cynics as a symbol of the inevitable decline of all great heroes.

The evidence now suggests, however, that the spirit of this legendary hero, the greatest son of Daxam, remains intact.

Gand's close brush with death seems to have also profoundly affected his relationship with Mallor.

After years of apparently waffling on the issue of marriage, they quickly tied the knot during the recovery period.

And when Gand's health had returned, Mallor finally convinced him to resign from the Legion and at long last fulfill the dream he'd harbored for more than a thousand years—to explore the far reaches of space.

They said their good-byes shortly before the Great Collapse hit, and were last heard from when they disappeared beyond the range of the Lallorian Colonies, plunging deep beyond the unexplored frontiers.

Little is known about the fate of the third great survivor of the 20th century, **Dev-Em**. He is known to have lived beyond the destruction of Daxam and has long been linked to the Interstellar Counter-Intelligence Corps, but no information on his whereabouts

